

LITERARY Cavalcade

TEACHER EDITION • JANUARY 1952 • VOL. 4, NO. 4

Lesson Plans

Topics for Discussion

Activities

Vocabulary

Reading Lists

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One-Period Lesson Plan

The greatness of a man is measured by his ability to conquer the shortcomings of his environment and of himself

Aim

To show students that each of us has, to a greater extent than is often realized, the ability to develop his character and determine his place in the world

Motivation

To what extent are you the product of the setting in which you were born? Do you feel yourself fortunate or unfortunate to have been born in that setting? What are the advantages of your surroundings? What do you regard as disadvantages? Is it possible for you to overcome these disadvantages?

Topics for Discussion

Do you think we would all be happier, and the world a better place, if we did not have to struggle against environment? Consider some of the positive advantages which can come out of the struggle. Would you agree or disagree with a statement made by General Eisenhower to a freshman class of Columbia University: that if, without any effort on our part, we could be sure of never being cold or hungry, we wouldn't enjoy living?

1. Every man has an excellent chance of overcoming the obstacles of his environment.

a. "Inuk" (p. 7)

What are some of the ways in which the Eskimo has been limited by the difficulties of his environment? What character traits has he gained from the struggle? Do you consider that the ability of the Eskimo to keep himself alive is human triumph over environment?

b. "Another Solution" (p. 1)

What were the four chances that

Victor had to save his life? What was the one stroke of chance that operated against him? Were the odds in his favor? Think of any examples from real life or from fiction in which a man has been able to win out against the forces of nature by his own wits. Are the odds usually in man's favor when he battles against the elements?

c. "The Killer in the Valley" (p. 10)

What were the personal qualities of Silvern that enabled him to outwit the cougar where other men failed? Do you think that these are qualities that any man may develop within himself?

d. "O'Halloran's Luck" (p. 18)

What were Tim O'Halloran and Kitty Malone looking for in America that they could not have had in Ireland? Was Tim's ability to find and conquer a new environment chiefly a matter of luck, or did he help "make his own luck" through hard work? What other character traits helped him succeed? Would he have found his "luck"—and opportunity—if he had not first had confidence in his own ability to make his place in the world?

2. Opportunity awaits the person who seeks it.

"O'Halloran's Luck" (p. 18)

Would Tim O'Halloran agree that you must accept your lot for what it is, whether you like it or not? Or would he say that a man can improve his lot, if he is willing to work hard and to risk security if necessary? Do you think that the fact that America is "the land of opportunity" means that we Americans can count on achieving success without doing much work?

3. Man is free to strive for higher goals as he overcomes the shortcomings of his environment and himself.

a. "Caged" (p. 3)

Do you agree with the ex-prisoner in

this story that all living creatures are meant to be free? What kind of freedom does a human being need? Was the proprietor of the store, who was neither caged nor imprisoned, "free" according to your definition of human freedom? If not, what kind of a "cage" had he made for himself? Do you think that Tim O'Halloran was a freer man than this proprietor? In what ways was this true?

b. "Inuk" (p. 7)

In what ways does the Eskimo's rugged environment leave him less free than you? Explain your answer in terms of your own definition of freedom.

c. "Encounter in the Rain" (p. 4)

Does education increase one's freedom? In what ways? Do you think that Woodrow Wilson had good reason to wish that he could make this brother and sister see that schooling could give them still further advantages, in addition to what they would receive from "natural" education? What benefits would formal education give this boy and girl that they would not get from their life in the Adirondack Mountains alone? Would Wilson's suggestion that the goal of life is to contribute a beneficial idea to mankind have been appropriate for an Eskimo? Why or why not?

Suggested Activities

1. "Another Solution" (p. 1)

Write three possible titles for this story.

2. "Encounter in the Rain" (p. 4)

a. Write a short essay in which you discuss what the author's brother means when he says that although the pack may be at your heels for differing, you can always escape "inside yourself."

b. Look up the entries under Jean-Jacques Rousseau in the library. Find out what his philosophy of education was. Did he believe that children should go to school? How did he believe they should be educated? Write a paragraph in which you explain whether the father

of the boy and girl in this essay would have agreed with Rousseau's philosophy.

3. "When Not in Rome" (p. 6)

Look up the meaning of the word "anachronism" in the dictionary. List as many anachronisms as you can find in this humorous article.

4. "Inuk" (p. 7)

Write up a Bill of Rights for the Eskimo woman on the basis of what you know about her status after having read this book excerpt. (Be realistic—do not demand rights for the Eskimo woman that are not possible, considering the difficulties of life in the Arctic—but try to think of all the possible improvements that might be made to ease the Eskimo woman's lot.)

5. "O'Halloran's Luck" (p. 18)

Give an oral report, in which you pretend to be Tim O'Halloran's grandson in later life, describing to his grandson what happened to him after he found the silver buckle.

6. Poetry by David Morton (p. 23)

Answer each of the following questions in one or two written sentences:

- What do ships dream of, according to the poem, "Old Ships"?
- What is the "dearer thing than home" to the sailors in Morton's poem, "Mariners"?

7. "Man of the Family" (p. 24)

- Read the full-length book (*Man of the Family*) from which these excerpts are taken.
- Using the "dandelion incident" as a starting-point, write a short essay entitled: "A Man Is Worth No More Than the Price He Puts on Himself."

VOCABULARY EXERCISE

On a sheet of paper, number from one to twenty. I'm going to read each of the following sentences slowly, stressing the key word. Each key word is taken from this issue of *Literary Cavalcade*. Next I shall read three possible definitions of the word. Only one definition is correct. Beside the appropriate number on your paper, write the letter of the correct definition. When you've finished, exchange papers with a student near you, and we'll check the correct answers. Then we'll take fifteen minutes to discuss these words and use them in original sentences.

(Note to teacher: Your key to the correct definition is the answer given in italics.)

- His beady eyes twinkled from behind his *pince-nez*. (p. 5, col. 1)
 - eyeglasses clipped to nose*
 - horn-rimmed sun glasses
 - bushy eyebrows

2. The persimmon is a fruit with an *acrid* taste. (page 5, col. 1)

- sweet and sickish
- tart and acid*
- musty

3. He was an amusing old man, but an *inveterate* liar. (p. 5, col. 1)

- shameless
- habitual*
- shocking

4. Jack saw a young deer *loping* over the hill. (p. 5, col. 1)

- grazing
- bounding along*
- disappearing

5. Our impressions usually change in *retrospect*. (p. 5, col. 1)

- time
- character
- looking back*

6. The mountaineers were suddenly confronted with an angry *catamount*. (p. 5, col. 2)

- waterfall
- vulture
- cougar*

7. The young soldier was *reticent* about his achievements. (p. 5, col. 3)

- truthful
- reserved, silent*
- bashful

8. The girl's face had an unhealthy *pallor*. (p. 3, col. 1)

- pale*
- sheen
- appearance

9. The pup looked utterly *crestfallen* when his master scolded him. (p. 3, col. 2)

- saucy
- dejected*
- surprised

10. Any attempt to persuade her to come will be *futile*. (p. 3, col. 3)

- ridiculous
- useless*
- worthwhile

11. The tides ebb and flow with *immutable* regularity. (p. 7, col. 1)

- unpredictable
- uncanny
- unchangeable*

12. The unhappy student found himself caught in a *maelstrom* of criticism. (p. 7, col. 3)

- flurry
- whirlpool*
- net

13. John's last remark presents a curious *paradox*. (p. 8, col. 3)

- surprise

- difficulty in understanding
- self-contradictory statement*

14. Sniffing the butter, Miss Wilmott decided it was *rancid*. (p. 9, col. 2)

- rank in smell and taste*
- unsalted
- oleomargarine

15. The government offers a *bounty* for killing cougars. (p. 11, col. 2)

- shotgun
- reward*
- penalty

16. Silvern agreed that in hunting a cougar a man must consider his dog as *expendable*. (p. 12, col. 2)

- essential
- able to be spared*
- cumbersome

17. Bertha had one of those faces that positively *exude* good will. (p. 2, col. 1)

- chill
- ooze forth*
- discourage

18. He was so surprised that his eyes became two large *protuberances*. (p. 2, col. 2)

- circles
- bulges*
- mirrors of emotion

19. The city man experienced *recurrent* waves of nostalgia for his boyhood home in the country. (p. 2, col. 3)

- frequently returning*
- violent
- wistful

20. The basketball team suffered an *ignominious* defeat. (p. 2, col. 3)

- humiliating*
- crashing
- unexpected

Answers to

"What Do You Remember?"

"Killer in the Valley": 1-b; 2-c.

"Another Solution": 1-a; 2-b.

"Encounter in the Rain": 1-a, b; 2-a, b, c.

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L I T E R A R Y

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Ski Devil • A photograph by Reid Rowland

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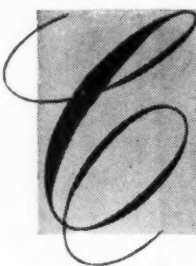
OUR FRONT COVER



Split-second timing—by both skier and photographer—made the picture on our cover a prize winner. Reid Rowland, staff photographer for the Sun Valley (Idaho) News Bureau, clicked his shutter at the exact instant and captured a prize in the 1951 Popular Photography contest. You can almost feel the rush of cold air and the sting of powdered snow as the skier speeds down the slope.

Skiing is one of the oldest sports in the world, but one of the newest in U. S. It was not until about 1933 that ski tows appeared in this country, but the sport has been going uphill ever since. Today it is one of the most popular of our winter sports and when two ski enthusiasts get together the talk invariably turns to wax and wax and wax and the snow conditions on the nearest (or not so near) mountains.

There are four main types of skiing: cross-country, jumping, downhill trail skiing, and slalom (downhill skiing in and out of a course marked by flags). For most of us, though, there is only one kind: balancing on two runners.



L I T E R A R Y *Cavalcade*

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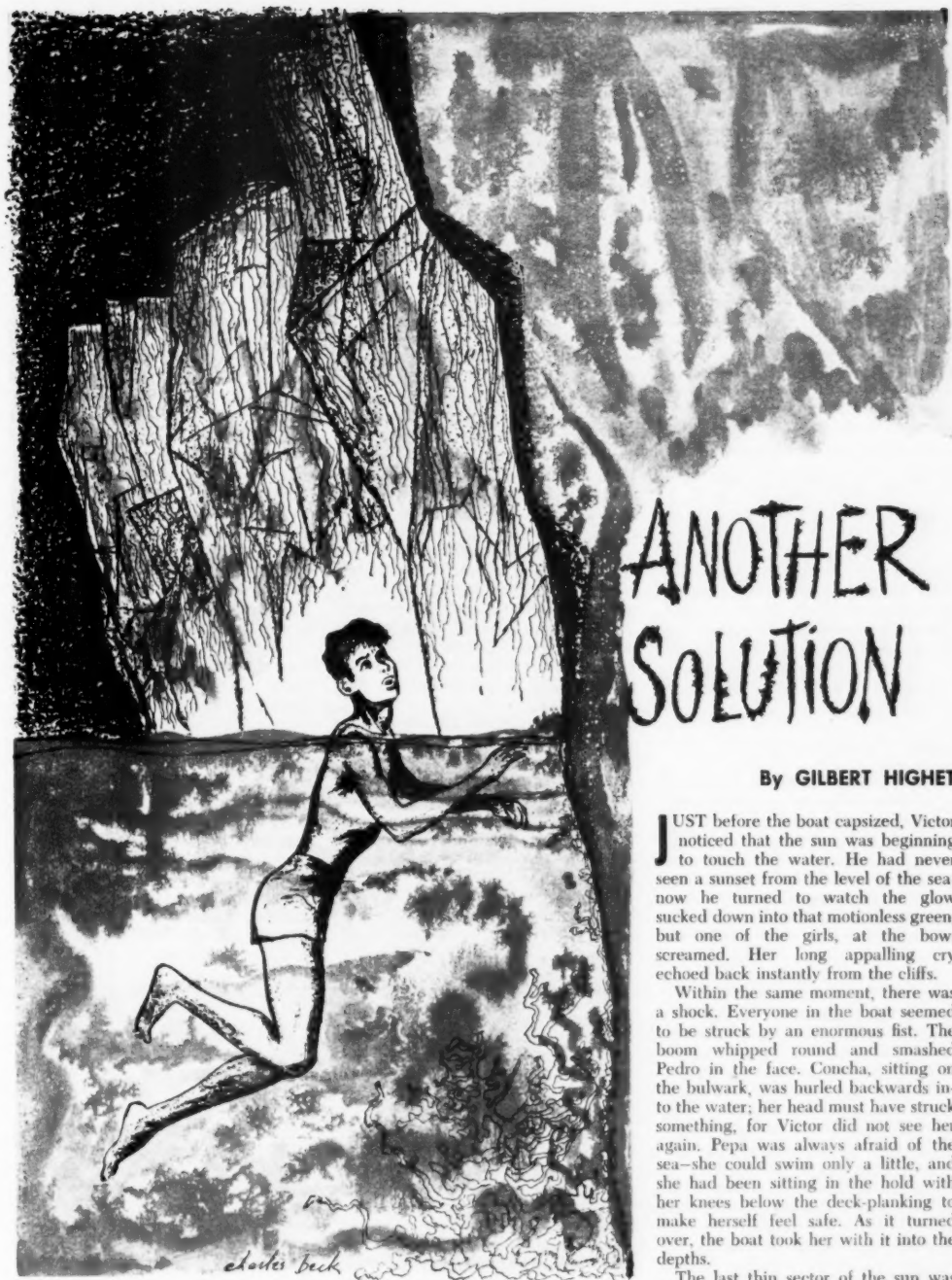
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ANOTHER SOLUTION

By GILBERT HIGHET

JUST before the boat capsized, Victor noticed that the sun was beginning to touch the water. He had never seen a sunset from the level of the sea; now he turned to watch the glow sucked down into that motionless green, but one of the girls, at the bow, screamed. Her long appalling cry echoed back instantly from the cliffs.

Within the same moment, there was a shock. Everyone in the boat seemed to be struck by an enormous fist. The boom whipped round and smashed Pedro in the face. Concha, sitting on the bulwark, was hurled backwards into the water; her head must have struck something, for Victor did not see her again. Pepa was always afraid of the sea—she could swim only a little, and she had been sitting in the hold with her knees below the deck-planking to make herself feel safe. As it turned over, the boat took her with it into the depths.

The last thin sector of the sun was exactly on Victor's eye level as he kicked his way to the surface. There was nothing else on the whole face of

Above—sheer cliffs looming into the night;

Below—miles of the black water he was treading;

There was no chance for survival—no chance a man could foresee

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Elliott Hewitt

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Believe it or not, but the short short on these pages was written by a professor of Greek and Latin at Columbia University. Gilbert Highet was born in Scotland, studied at Glasgow and Oxford universities, and taught classics at Oxford before coming to this country in 1937.

Mr. Highet is the author of numerous scholarly books. His wife, Helen MacInnes, is also a well-known writer. They have one son. Miss MacInnes reveals that when her husband is not teaching or writing, he reads nearly all the time; "even when he's putting on his socks he's got a book propped up."

the sea, except Concha's handkerchief. He dived several times as well as he could. He was not a good swimmer, and all he could do was to duck his head under the surface, trying to kick his way down through the vague luminous water, in the hope of finding one of his friends, struggling or unconscious. Once he got down about fifteen feet, and saw dim shapes near him. Concha and Pedro? He could touch nothing when he swam across under water, and afterwards he thought it was only reflected light slanting down from the surface. There was nothing else within his reach.

Then he swam round and round in great circles, sometimes cutting across and turning back on his course, in case a body floated to the surface. Nothing. He swam further out to sea, dived again and again, until he felt sick. Nothing, nothing. His friends—Pedro, Pepa, Concha—were all drowned. He was suddenly alone.

His mind was clear. His friends were dead. He had to save himself. He had to save himself—that was the problem. He had often heard of threatened men thinking clearly and swiftly; it was true that they could. Think.

He was alone, without a boat, in the Mediterranean, at nightfall, below the enormous cliffs of Majorca. He had eaten a good meal an hour before, and was not tired. After the boat capsized, he had kicked off his clothes easily enough. It was summer, so that the water would not be unbearably cold at any time during the night. The weather was calm; cloudless sky; no moon, but the first stars were appearing. It would be quite dark in fifteen minutes. Already the cliffs seemed to exude a brown vapor, and above them the sky of night was luminous.

The first way of escape was to bring help by shouting. Difficult. As far as he knew, this coast was made of solid lava-blocks cast up in one forbidding front. The island was only an incident in the Mediterranean. There were no coastwise villages, no houses nearer than the Archduke's deserted villas high on the hill. Over the water, a shout will carry for miles; but Victor knew it would be useless to shout until much later, when a boat might be out for night-fishing. He must try other solutions. Meanwhile, he was slowly treading water, and beginning to feel a little tired.

Second, then. Was it possible to swim to the cliffs and climb them? He looked up. Gulfs of dark space opened before him—a smooth wall with one long slow crack extending diagonally upward out of sight. Leaving Concha's handkerchief still floating, he swam toward the lower end of the fissure. Every stroke took him into a deeper angle of midnight. The water was a quiet purple darkness all round him. He reached the black rock, and gripped. But he might as well have tried to climb an iceberg. For yards above his head the protuberances were all rounded off by years of waves. His hands slipped off every grip he took. The cliff was impossible. Dark and deathly, it towered above him, forcing him down.

Involuntarily he struck out into the open sea, away from the black echoing mass of stone. He could see the floating handkerchief as a tiny interruption in that smooth water in which his own movements made only large ripples. It was so small and lonely that he was glad when he reached it. Now, a third way of escape—

The last light was being sucked out of the air. Victor stopped treading water and began to jump. Standing upright in the water, he drew up his legs and jerked them sharply downward: at the same time, he thrust his hands into the face of the sea, palms under. This relieved his muscles, and raised him above the surface with every leap. He looked southwards, in the direction of Otonozar, where his friends lived—had lived. Nothing there; not a light, not even a movement in the surface glimmer of the sea. Ten miles lay between him and home. Paddling slowly on his back, he considered the third escape. Could he swim back to Otonozar? Could he swim all night? Could he even float until he was rescued?

As the night breeze blew in from the sea, he knew that he could do neither. He was not a good swimmer, like poor Pedro. Once with Pedro and two other Majorcans, he had swum out

a mile to meet their motorboat at La Foradada; but he was exhausted and sick after it, and had to come home in the boat. Now the distance lengthened out in the darkness before him. Ten miles. Twenty thousand strokes. To count them, and hear yourself panting, and count, and kick and plunge in the darkness, for hours, for hours, still to struggle on, through the water always colder and stranger, and at last to be engulfed in an unknown place, forever lost, not even beside his friends. No.

It was quite dark. Eleven. The quiet stars shone to one another without a thrill of movement. Silent night. The sea lay in leaden stillness, broken only by the recurrent thrust of Victor's strokes. They were slower now.

He turned over and swam ahead. He must think of some way to keep alive, not to die after a few hours of ignominious and futile survival. Four solutions: all useless. Could he swim along the coast to find a landing place?

No, not even that. The cliffs were never less than five hundred feet high, and always beaten smooth by the stormy waves. There was no place where they could be climbed. He remembered that his friends had never been able to go swimming except at the village; there was no way down, no way up the cliffs. They were broken sharp off by the volcano, and smoothed by the busy sea which now waited so quietly. The fifth solution was hopeless. Only one remained.

Victor felt something brush his head, and knew it for Concha's handkerchief, floating just below the surface. This was where to die. He grasped the little rag; he said a prayer for the souls of his friends and one for himself; he let himself sink. He would wait until he had sunk some distance, before breathing the water into his lungs. Drowning was, they said, a blend of sickness and sleep.

Slowly, on his back, he sank. Above him, the dark-shining surface would become smooth again; when it was beyond reach, he would breathe. First, the sickness; then, the sleep.

It seemed he was hardly under water before his back felt a pain. There was something firm and sharp beneath him. It was a rock.

Victor sprang into movement—his lungs were still full of air. In his struggles, he ground his shoulder on the rock with a welcome pang, and his first gasp after he reached the surface was choked by his splashing. He swallowed a great deal of water, which made him shiver and cough with nausea. But he was happy, breathing

The customer insisted on a pet that was . . .

CAGED

By Lloyd Eric Reeve

EMPHATICALLY, Mr. Purcell did not believe in ghosts. Nevertheless, the man who bought the two doves, and his strange act immediately thereafter, left him with a distinct sense of the eerie.

Purcell was a small, fussy man; red cheeks and a tight, melon stomach. He owned a pet shop. He sold cats and dogs and monkeys; he dealt in fish food and bird seed, and prescribed remedies for ailing canaries. He considered himself something of a professional man.

There was a bell over the door that jangled whenever a customer entered. This morning, however, for the first time Mr. Purcell could recall, it failed to ring. Simply he glanced up, and there was the stranger, standing just inside the door, as if he had materialized out of thin air.

The storekeeper slid off his stool. From the first instant he knew instinctively, unreasonably, that the man hated him; but out of habit he rubbed his hands briskly together, smiled and nodded.

"Good morning," he beamed. "What can I do for you?"

The man's shiny shoes squeaked forward. His suit was cheap, ill-fitting, but obviously new. A gray pallor deadened his pinched features. He had a shuttling glance and close-cropped hair. He stared closely at Purcell and said, "I want something in a cage."

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"Something in a cage?" Mr. Purcell was a bit confused. "You mean—some sort of pet?"

"I mean what I said!" snapped the man. "Something in a cage. Something alive that's in a cage."

"I see," hastened the storekeeper, not at all certain that he did. "Now let me think. A white rat, perhaps?"

"No!" said the man. "Not rats. Something with wings. Something that flies."

"A bird!" exclaimed Mr. Purcell.

"A bird's all right." The customer pointed suddenly to a suspended cage which contained two snowy birds. "Doves? How much for those?"

"Five-fifty," came the prompt answer. "And a very reasonable price."

"Five-fifty?" The sallow man was obviously crestfallen. He hesitantly produced a five-dollar bill. "I'd like to have those birds. But this is all I got. Just five dollars."

Mentally, Mr. Purcell made a quick calculation, which told him that at a fifty cent reduction he could still reap a tidy profit. He smiled magnanimously. "My dear man, if you want them that badly, you can certainly have them for five dollars."

"I'll take them." He laid his five dollars on the counter. Mr. Purcell teetered on tiptoe, unhooked the cage, and handed it to his customer. The man cocked his head to one side, listening to the constant chittering, the rushing scurry

of the shop. "That noise!" he blurted. "Doesn't it get you? I mean all this caged stuff. Drives you crazy, doesn't it?"

Purcell drew back. Either the man was insane, or drunk.

"Listen." The staring eyes came closer. "How long d'you think it took me to make that five dollars?"

The merchant wanted to order him out of the shop. But he heard himself dutifully asking, "Why—why, how long did it take you?"

The other laughed. "Ten years! At hard labor. Ten years to earn five dollars. Fifty cents a year."

It was best, Purcell decided, to humor him. "My, my! Ten years—"

"They give you five dollars," laughed the man, "and a cheap suit, and tell you not to get caught again."

Mr. Purcell mopped his sweating brow. "Now, about the care and feeding of—"

"Bah!" The sallow man swung around, and stalked abruptly from the store.

Purcell sighed with sudden relief. He waddled to the window and stared out. Just outside, his peculiar customer had halted. He was holding the cage shoulder-high, staring at his purchase. Then, opening the cage, he reached inside and drew out one of the doves. He tossed it into the air. He drew out the second and tossed it after the first. They rose like wind-blown balls of fluff and were lost in the smoky gray of the wintry city. For an instant the liberator's silent and lifted gaze watched after them. Then he dropped the cage. A futile, suddenly forlorn figure, he shoved both hands deep in his trouser pockets, hunched down his head and shuffled away. . . .

The merchant's brow was puckered with perplexity. "Now why," Mr. Purcell muttered, "did he do that?" He felt vaguely insulted.

(Continued from page 2)

in great gulps of air. Escape was found, a solution was found. It was only one tall thin wedge of rock rising from the sea floor, or from some deep-sunken buttress of the cliff. If there had been a wide shelf, he would have touched it long before as he swam about; but it was easy enough to miss this—he felt it now with his feet—this blade six inches wide. After swimming over and over this place, he had thought of it only as a chasm of deep sea, with his friends buried below. The boat was sunk, and he had never thought of the rock which had sunk it.

As he cautiously put his weight on his feet, he felt ill with relief and hope and horror to think that he might have

drowned two fathoms away from his safety. Here was the sixth, the unexpected solution. Now he had a firm foothold, his head and shoulders were out of the water, and there were no waves, so that he could stand still and rest. The tide would not rise more than an inch. He could stand all night on this rock, and bear the chill—never so dreadful. And in the morning there would be fishermen, in the morning at the earliest moment of dawn. Night was not long. For a moment the whole scene was friendly, and the stars were companions. He felt the solid grateful rock with his feet, bent his strained muscles. This night was a terrible adventure; but he would live to tell about it.

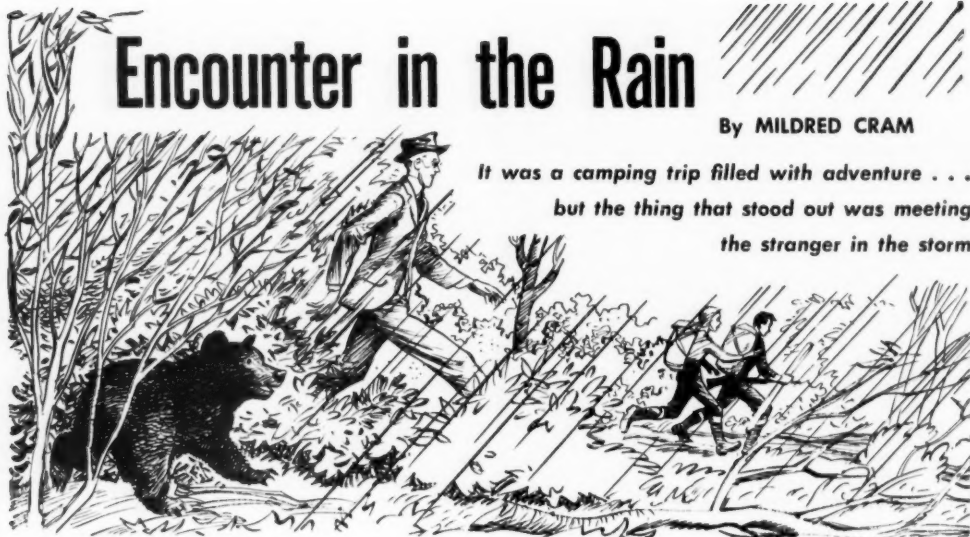
A piece of seaweed touched his foot, and he pushed it away. It drifted back, and he kicked it off. When it returned and glided along his knee, he lowered one arm to catch it. Perhaps it was not seaweed, perhaps it was poor Concha's handkerchief.

As he felt about in the water, something gripped his knee. Instantly, the same grip was on his hand. He could not move. He glared down into the dark water, where beside his own body he saw nothing. But it was not necessary to see the gray shape with the long arms, the great octopus which clung to the rock and now grasped both his wrists and threw another tentacle round his waist and drew him down. He had not thought of that.

Encounter in the Rain

By MILDRED CRAM

*It was a camping trip filled with adventure . . .
but the thing that stood out was meeting
the stranger in the storm*



WHEN I was a youngster, I spent the summers with my family in Keene Valley in the Adirondack Mountains. It was fairly primitive country in those days, and to my brother and me it passed for a wilderness. At the time of which I write, he was fifteen and already an accomplished woodsman—graceful and tireless on forest trails, a fine shot, and expert with the rod in the swift, cold trout streams and small lakes of the district.

Every year he and I camped out for a month, our parents believing that we could take care of ourselves and that being on our own would help us become self-reliant and fearless.

A local guide, Bill Owens, usually packed us in, carrying supplies and lending a hand with the building of a lean-to. This shelter was made of freshly cut pine boughs. It faced Lily Pad Pond and, beyond, a burned-over slope ablaze with firewood. As soon as we were settled, Bill Owens left us, returning along forest trails to the main road, then back through St. Hubert's to his home in Keene.

As distance is reckoned today, we were close to civilization, for it was only ten miles or so to the highway. But there was little traffic along that highway, and only a few hikers and fishermen passed our camp during the month we were there.

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We entered into the strenuous life with enthusiasm. To us the lonely clearing was a setting for possible adventures. We had no desire for tennis courts, swimming pools, or dance floors, or to be dressed up and on parade at a resort hotel. The long days were calm and hot, full of the incense of resin and ripening blueberries. The nights were very cold and clear, and the forest creatures came close. Deer thudded delicately along the trails or parted the brush with a rustle. Occasionally the scream of a wildcat or the lunatic hoot of an owl broke the silence.

If a Bear Prowls

It was wonderful, being always a little afraid, as I was. Whenever my brother went away to fish, he left a rifle with instructions to "shoot to kill" if a bear should try to raid our supplies, or a cat should circle too close. Fortunately, I was never faced with this necessity. But it was exciting, being alone, and I imagined myself a pioneer woman, strong, brave, dauntless, even while the slightest sound in the brush made my heart jump.

The last time we camped at Lily Pad, an unusual thing happened. Bill was supposed to come for us at the end of the four weeks; but for some reason, he failed to show up, and we were running short of food. We decided to pack out on our own, leaving the heavier duffel behind. It had been almost unendurably hot, and now, we knew, we were in for a storm. The sky behind the slope was

black as carbon, and all day we had heard distant thunder.

Early in the afternoon, we broke camp, saw to it that embers in the stone oven were doused, scattered the last of the crackers for the birds, and left a slab of moldy bacon on the table. In one of the baskets I found an unopened box of chocolates, and this I took along with us.

We started home, following a narrow path, a slippery carpet of pine needles giving incredible speed and spring to our tread. Trees laced overhead, and a tangle of undergrowth formed a sort of hedge on both sides. The way was so narrow we had to walk single file, my brother in the lead, of course. I can remember exactly the feel of the place—that dark tunnel beneath the trees, the oppressive heat, and the occasional flashes of lightning.

Then, to add to the tension, we heard a sudden crashing and snuffling in the thicket. A large animal was following us. It kept out of sight, but had no scruples about being heard. The faster we went, the more persistently it kept pace.

A Stranger on the Trail

We were, my brother and I, highly imaginative. Naturally, we assumed that the noisy animal was a bear—a female bear, with young. We were in danger of our lives. My brother fired several shots into the tangle, but the creature followed right along. Pretty scared, we began to run.

Now, the chances of meeting anyone on this remote trail were about one in a million. But there ahead of us, strolling nonchalantly toward the highroad, was a tall man wearing tweeds and well-polished shoes. He turned as we raced toward him, his eyes puzzled and bright behind the lenses of his pince-nez.

"A bear's following us!" my brother gasped as we came abreast of the stranger. "Better run for it! It's a she-bear! Terribly dangerous!"

The tall man fell in behind us as we streaked past. He ran lightly, gracefully, without seeming effort, like a tall, loping giraffe. It began to rain, big drops that stung the earth; the air was full of acrid odor of dust. Suddenly the sky opened and a deluge fell.

Refuge Ahead

Just ahead was a lean-to someone had built and abandoned. All three of us huddled beneath the sloping roof, while the bear, satisfied that she had scared the wits out of us, turned back and crashed out of hearing.

My brother and I—lacking the modern youngster's defensive contempt for older people—tentatively studied the man who shared our refuge. I suppose he was younger than he seemed to us—my father's age, perhaps. He had a habit of looking off, which was not at all an avoidance of our eyes. It seemed, rather, the searching gaze of a seaman concerned not with the foreground but with the horizon. I do not remember his having looked at us at all, and we were in the lean-to for more than an hour.

But he was far from unaware of us. In fact, he seemed to find us enormously interesting. We were inveterate romancers, and I can't remember ever having a more appreciative audience. Occasionally, the bright pince-nez flashed in our direction. He laughed easily and happily, encouraging us to great and greater flights of fancy. He listened not as if he were amused or skeptical, but as if he understood, as if he shared, our youth.

All this happened more than forty years ago; but I can still recall the exact flavor of the occasion, the quality of his interest, how adroitly he led us from one tall tale to another.

Blood-curdling Tales

The bear was a logical step-off for a series of blood-curdling encounters with wild animals—starting with coyotes, rattlesnakes, and plate-size tarantulas in the Antelope Valley in California. My brother had spent a year out there, and his adventures, now in retrospect, had the fascination of Superman's feats.

To top him, I told of seeing the ghost of a white moose, rising all tangled in

lily pads from the pond near our camp. This led to the great turtle, big as a baby elephant, that came ashore at Bass Rocks when we were children.

"Wonderful!" the stranger said. "Astonishing! Incredible!" He had discovered my box of chocolates, and with regularity popped bonbons into his mouth. The rain pounded the earth, turning the trail into a yellow torrent clogged with pine needles.

"Tell him about the time you stepped on the catamount," I urged my brother.

This was a hair-raising tale, with a trace of the miraculous, and it led, inevitably, to other narrow escapes from death—the time I "drowned" off the New Jersey coast, and the time we sailed in the *Ariel*, were lost in the fog, and were almost cut down by a steamer that slipped past so close we exchanged pleasantries with a deck steward.

"Amazing!" the stranger said, helping himself to another chocolate.

Headlong Sled Ride

"Oh, that was nothing," my brother assured him. "Once in New Hampshire we bobsledded from Haverhill all the way to the Connecticut River at about a hundred and fifty miles an hour."

"What happened?"

"We had to walk back."

"Ah." The stranger smiled. And when he smiled, the austere lines of his face broke into ingratiating patterns. He remarked that in his opinion we had had a fine life. And then questioned us about our parents and our schooling.

I explained that I had no schooling. My father believed in bending the twig the way it inclined, and as I had decided to be a writer, I could do without an education. I would need only to live.

"And you?" the stranger asked, with a brief turn of his head toward my brother.

"I'm going to paint."

"Ah. My wife's a painter. A good one."

About the Author

The prediction made by the stranger in the rain came true. (Have you read the essay?) Each of the teen-agers in this essay followed his chosen career; and each achieved success. Mildred Cram is a well-known author and her brother, Alan Cram, a successful painter. Miss Cram was tutored by her father until she was fourteen. However, perhaps the incident she sets down on these pages had its influence, for she attended the Horace Mann School in New York City for a year and then continued to Barnard College.

But she is also very well educated."

"Oh, my father wants us to be intelligent," I interrupted. "It's just that he doesn't want us to be cut from a pattern. You know, like ginger cookies."

He laughed. "I'm a college president, myself," he said. "A ginger-cookie cutter. I dare say you'd call me." And added, "Princeton."

We were aghast.

"Don't be embarrassed," he said. "I'm not." And, thoughtfully, he remarked for our comfort that my father's way was perhaps the best way, provided we were courageous enough to differ from the rest of our species. "The pack will be at your heels, you know. For differing."

"I know," my brother said. "But you can always escape."

"Ah? How?"

"Inside yourself."

"From the mouths of babes—" our new friend began. Popping the last bonbon into his mouth, he stood up.

The rain had stopped. The furious storm had passed, and grumbled, now, at a distance. The air was washed clean. I can remember to this day how sweet it smelled.

The tall, slender man stepped outside the lean-to, stretching, sniffing the healthy fragrance of the world. "I'll go along with you," he said. And explained that he was spending a few weeks at the St. Hubert's Inn with his family. "We'll probably meet them on the way. I went for a walk and have been gone for hours. They'll be anxious about me and will come in the carriage."

Together, we covered the mile to the highroad. A band of clear sky admitted the last gold-green rays of the setting sun. The forest was magical. Birds flashed in the trees.

"Remember This"

When he saw the carriage approaching, he stopped and said rather shyly, "My name is Woodrow Wilson. I've enjoyed our conversation very much indeed. I feel certain that both of you will succeed, in spite of—" He broke off. I think perhaps he had an impulse to put his arms across our shoulders. He was, however, an essentially reticent man. "I wish," he said, "that I might say something, as a college president, to impress you and perhaps incline you toward an education. I find I have but one piece of advice to offer you. Remember this: When the time comes for you to die, if you have set in motion a single idea that is of benefit to mankind, you will not have lived in vain."

He shook each of us by the hand, and smiled a most enchanting smile, and looked directly into our eyes. Then he turned away, waving to the lady and the three little girls in the carriage.

When Not in Rome

History on a Holiday . . .

The Roman Empire lost its title on the count of X

By ED BLISS

THERE are a number of theories on why the Roman Empire fell apart. Some say it was because of poor farming methods; others feel that sin caused the downfall. Still others ascribe it to such things as political corruption, change of climate, overconfidence, or lack of bulk in the diet.

Well, I have my theory, too, which I shall be happy to promulgate right here and now. The downfall of Rome was caused by Roman numerals.

Now, Roman numerals may not be much of a bother to you or me because the only time we have to cope with them is when we see them inscribed on a building, or when we attend a movie which has the statement, "Copyright MCMXLIX" on the title strip. But the Romans had to bother with the darned things all the time, and eventually, the strain began to tell. That's when the barbarians moved in for the kill.

Consider for a moment the plight of the Roman housewife, in the first century, A.D. She gets up when the alarm goes off at VI o'clock and goes into the kitchen to start breakfast. She sets the stove at CCCL degrees, and puts some rolls into the oven. About XX minutes later, she is alarmed to smell the odor of burning biscuits. She checks and finds that they're burned to a crisp—she had set the oven for CCCL degrees thinking that the L stood for five hundred, and that the three C's would be subtracted, making it two hundred degrees. (Even in those days they couldn't keep track of what stood for what.)

XXXV Minutes to Go

By now it's too late to make any more biscuits (hubby has only XXXV minutes to catch the VII:VL chariot into town), so she puts some eggs on to boil and gets him out of bed. As he shaves he begins to grumble.

"Gonna have a tough day today down at the office," he predicts.

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"What's the matter, dear? Isn't business very good?"

"That's just the trouble. It's too good. Our bookkeepers can't keep up with it. They're just now getting around to mailing out the bills for things that were bought last Januarius."

"But why is that, darling?"

"Same old trouble—Roman numerals. Our best accountant lost his mind last week trying to divide CXLVIII by LXVII. Two of the others have been working for three days trying to multiply DCLXVI by IX."

"I see what you mean."

"But what makes it really tough is those fools up on Capitoline Hill—the Senate just passed a three per centum sales tax. Can you imagine what a job it is to figure out III per centum of say, XXXVIII denarii? Why, business is coming to a standstill! By Jupiter, something has to be done!"

"Please, darling, you don't have to use profanity!"

"I'm sorry, dear, but the whole thing is beginning to get me down."

"I know how it is, darling. We women have our little problems, too. Why, just yesterday afternoon my club met, and we tried to learn that new card game, Canastus. Everything went along fine until we tried to add up the score—none of us could make it come out right. We appointed a committee to work on it until our next meeting.

If they have it figured out by then, we'll be able to go ahead with the next hand. If not, I guess we'll just have to play without keeping score."

By this time Hubby is sitting down to his IV-minute eggs. He's still complaining.

What's an X?

"We had the same trouble last night at our bowling league," he says unhappily. "Our team was playing against Carthage, and some of the boys got into a fight over whether a particular X stood for ten points or a strike. It really gave the team a black eye—I'm afraid we'll have to withdraw from the league. And all because of those blasted Roman numerals!"

By the time Hubby has put on his toga and kissed his wife good-by, they are both in a gloomy mood, and the day is off to a bad start. And when you consider that scenes such as this were enacted every day in every Roman household, you can see why it greatly weakened the morale of the people.

So that's why I think we should eliminate the darned things from our lives. After all, anything that could confuse and weaken a nation back in the first century could do the same in XIXLD A.D. Or should that be MCM XXXXX? No, it must be MCML—or MLMC.

Well, I guess it's VI of one and a half-XII of the other. But you see what it could lead to, don't you?

About the Author



Ever try to read the credits on a movie and trip when you came to the Roman numerals? (They tell when the picture was made.) Chances are the hero was galloping across the screen before you got the numerals figured out. At least, that's what happens to Ed Bliss. In fact, that's how he came to write the piece on this page. But let Ed tell his story, as he told it to us:

"The idea of writing about Roman numerals first occurred to me when I

noticed that they are used for the copyright dates for movies. The purpose, I suppose, is to keep people from noticing how old the movie is, since few people can figure out a Roman numeral during the brief moment it is flashed on the screen.

"This struck me as a dirty trick. I began pondering what would happen if we used Roman numerals in all our daily activities, and that suggested that the Romans themselves must have had a little trouble."

Ed Bliss was graduated from West High School, Salt Lake City, and the University of Utah. At 26, he is now editor of the Sunday magazine supplement of *The Deseret News*, Salt Lake City.



INUK

The laws of the Arctic are iron hard—the laws of nature—but the author learned to respect them and the tough race of men they breed

"TNUK!" . . . "A Man!" An Eskimo!

On the infinite, frozen Arctic Sea the Eskimo appears before the traveler, unexpected, unannounced, as though dropped from the heavens. So did his ancestors step into history not very long ago, compelling admiration because of their courage and skill, their ability to live where other men die.

Eskimoland begins where the world seems to stop, beyond the point where things refuse to grow. It extends from the west coast of Alaska to Greenland. It is limited only by the tree line in the south, unlimited in the north, where it disappears into the Pole's mist, a timeless, silent, immutable area.

In this northern desert the Eskimo searches for game all the year round. During the dark winter months, sledge trails furrow the snow-covered Barren Land, disappearing here, reappearing there.

For nine months land and water are one, a block of ice, white, splendid, and desolate. It is a Sahara of snow, whose endless dunes are gnawed by the wind. The real northern blizzard has no

By **ROGER P. BULIARD**

match anywhere. For three, six, nine days "Anoke" (the wind) takes over, tearing the snow dunes to pieces, making the country a white hell of flying snow and ice. "Pirtok" . . . "Nothing. One can do nothing." And there is nothing but the sound of the wind in its rage, nothing but the cruel broadsides of snow, nothing but that icy powder.

Mihuk, his wife, carrying a baby, and their little girl, Poktok, were caught in a blizzard a few miles from camp. The Eskimo laughed. It was not the first time. "Pirtok. Ha, ha! Pirtok." He jumped off the sledge and ran beside the dogs, urging them on. The poor animals, blinded by the furious blasts of snow, turned away from the wind. Mihuk went ahead, leading them. His wife burrowed in her parka and tried to blow some warmth on the baby at her breast. Behind her, Poktok, five years old, huddled in her skins. The blizzard increased in tempo, so that sled, dogs and humans were enveloped in powder, madly racing into great clouds of snow, disappearing like an airplane in a cloud bank, then reappearing on the other side. At

last Mihuk paused to clear the rime from his face. From the sled his wife cried, "Poktok naak!"

Poktok was gone.

Perhaps a gust of wind or a jolt of the sledge threw her off. Perhaps, numbed by the cold, she fell asleep. Mihuk quickly turned his dogs and tried to retrace his trail; then, since the sledge tracks were obliterated, searched in every direction, calling to his dogs: "Gee! Gee!" and "Ha! Ha!" They searched for hours in the maelstrom of snow, but did not find Poktok. Night fell, and Mihuk had to abandon the effort. In camp the old ones touched his hand and muttered the oft repeated words, "Pirtok avornartok" . . . "What can one do against the blizzard?"

One Goal—Survival

Their homeland has forced the Eskimos to direct all their activities toward a single goal, that of survival. They have no art, no literature, no written language, almost no religion. There is no room for anything but the struggle for life itself, the simple struggle to get enough to eat and to keep warm enough to go on living. The things we value above all others—religion, art, morality—are laughed at by the Eskimo, for these things kill no caribou.

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When spring begins to thaw the Arctic world, the Eskimo leaves his igloo, packs up his skin tent, harnesses his dogs, and roams in search of caribou.

But although the Eskimo is a fierce individualist, proud of his self-sufficiency, scornful of others, he still seeks companionship. He does so of necessity, because he wants to live. And alone he cannot. To withstand the North he needs partners for certain necessary pursuits, and so he must, whether he likes it or not, be a member of a community, the nucleus of which is, as anywhere else, the family.

The Eskimos are a race of men. Their opinion of women is not high. Only a few women are permitted to live, and these few carry no weight whatever in Eskimo society. However, that does not mean that the Eskimo can get along without them.

To be without a wife is the greatest misfortune that can befall the Eskimo hunter. The search for his wife begins early, while he is still a baby inside his mother's parka. Then his father was already making arrangements with another couple, persuading them to reserve a girl for the boy. And if the father succeeded in getting a girl pledged to his son, he felt that he had discharged all of his responsibilities, for he understood that he had provided the lad with the first essential of Arctic life—an igloo keeper.

If the Inuk is lucky enough to find a wife, he slides into the prescribed Eskimo life pattern. He, the man, will build the igloo; she, the woman, will tend it. He will kill the seal, she will cut out the blubber and keep the lamp filled with oil. He will kill the caribou, she will tan the skin and fashion their clothes. To him the rifle, the knife, the dogs, the whip and the right to give orders. To her the lamp, the cooking, the sewing. There is no question up here of the career-woman. An Eskimo woman is never allowed to forget that she didn't promise to love and cherish, but to obey and serve.

For the Eskimo man there are advantages to this system. He may be a poor hunter, laughed at when he goes for caribou, scorned for his lack of skill with the rifle. But in the evening, when he returns to his igloo, he is king—the unquestioned master. He slips off his outer clothing and lets it drop to the floor. His wife picks it up, shakes the snow from the garments, and folds them neatly. Then he sits down on his skin bed—the iglek—and relaxes while he waits for the woman to serve his meat and tea.

Girls Unwelcome

The birth of a girl to an Eskimo family is a keenly felt deception, a cruel joke that nature has played upon them. All too often the tiny girl baby is scarcely born, has hardly taken her first breath and uttered her first plaintive, helpless cry, before she is exterminated, rudely strangled or smothered, her little body tossed into the sea, or to the always hungry dogs.

Sometimes she is born at the right moment. She may be the first baby girl in that family. Or she may be reserved for the little boy next door. Perhaps the family happened to have struck it rich just before her birth and be living in abundance. Perhaps the father just feels good that day. For whatever reason, the man decided, "Let her live." And she is spared the fate of her sisters.

At five she is a tiny, chubby thing, hardly able to remember events from one moment to the next, but she already has been assigned the task of getting clean snow with which to make water.

At seven, and eight, she is already a servant, helping with the chores, and she understands the kind of life that is in store for her. It is a grim future, a deadly one, but in spite of that the round-faced Eskimo child, in her leisure time, fondles a clumsy, crude little doll

made of bits of old skins, carrying it on her back, the way her mother carries real children.

But soon the doll is put aside and the little girl is put to work, mending the old clothes, scraping the fresh skins, feeding the dogs and helping to harness them. She is called out, at any hour of the night, to quiet the fighting, snarling dogs. Her real servitude has started, and it will end only with the grave.

At fourteen she is married. At the time she is given away in marriage, she is not without certain physical charm. Her body has not yet been gnarled and bent by relentless toil. There is an apple bloom on her cheeks and her skin is firm. She is filled with health and her carriage is light and springy. Her figure sings of youth and well-being. And now that the old tattoos have been more or less abandoned, her face has a good deal of prettiness and feminine charm.

She is as proud and happy as a newly married girl anywhere in the world, and just as anxious to show off her new home. Her greatest treat is to invite the neighboring women for tea and to show off the skin clothes she has started to make—just like any housewife.

But the novelty and romance soon disappear as the Eskimo wife begins to realize what a burden of work she has also married. There are meals to prepare, clothes to sew, the stone lamp that wants constant attendance, seals to skin, blubber to pound, meat to cut, skins to stretch and scrape, dogs to feed, to hitch up, to beat when they're bad—always something, always work, and of course never the least bit of tenderness, the slightest hint of thanks.

When the time comes for her to have a baby, there is none of the excitement or preparation we associate with birth. Yesterday the Eskimo woman was doing her chores, out on the dog line, fighting with the wolves, scraping skins or what not. Today she is going to have her child.

A Boy Is Born

In family relationships, the Eskimos are often a people of paradox.

A child is born.

He may gasp his first few breaths, and then, for any one of a number of reasons—the weather, the state of the trail, the scarcity of game, his father's temper—he may be ruthlessly smothered.

But if he is permitted to live, he becomes a little king in his own right. He is never reprimanded, and is thoroughly spoiled. His earliest days, of course, are passed in the skin prison of his mother's parka, but as soon as he can walk the Eskimo boy begins to take on his rights, the rights of the male.

By the time he is five, he is grown up, beaming with health, filled with mischief, and delirious with liberty. All day long he rolls in the snow, careless of the cold, playing with the dogs, licking their faces.

His parents are always indulgent. Perhaps they are guided by the instinctive knowledge that one day this child will decide when they, the parents, die, left out on the steppe somewhere slowly to freeze and starve to death. This practice is passing, for the police and priests are on the watch over old and helpless people. But it has been the custom for many centuries. And watching the young Eskimo boy playing in the snow, the father and mother must still wonder whether they can buy a few more months of life, in the future when they will be old, by never uttering a harsh word or striking a blow.

The Igloo

It is the igloo, that house of snow, that makes life possible in the woodless Arctic. No tent would survive the northern winter, and to bring in wood for dwellings is beyond the Eskimo's means. Igloo!

The igloo is the Eskimo's architectural masterpiece, his greatest achievement.

To watch an Eskimo build an igloo is a lesson in man's ability to master his environment. With his sharp, saberlike knife or fine snow-tester made of caribou antler, the Inuk first determines the thickness of the snow and makes sure it is of the right consistency—not too hard, not too soft. Then, at a glance, he visualizes the circuit of his project—a perfect circle, always. He cuts instinctively, adding a slight curve to the outer side of each block. His sureness of cut is extraordinary. He works like a skilled sculptor, seeming to give his work only casual attention. He cleaves here, lops off a bit there, and it looks simple. But every stroke counts, as the snow flies and the Eskimo's fur hood disappears in a cloud of white powder.

"Taimak!" the Eskimo grunts, looking at his handiwork. "Finished!"

You can climb on the top, walk around, as if it were made of granite and mortar. It is absolutely rigid.

Inside the igloo, toward the rear, a bed platform is built of snow, and a layer of bearskin, fur side down, is spread upon it. Over this a second layer is placed, fur side up. A crude arrangement of sticks is jabbed into the wall, and on this you hang whatever you want to dry or thaw out—mitts, boots, frozen fish, and so on. The remainder of the Eskimo's belongings are tossed on the floor. Now he is at home.

The temperature of an igloo is kept

near the freezing point, for if it rises above that point the walls begin to thaw and drip unpleasantly, and once thawed they would freeze again, into ice, making the house uncomfortable or even uninhabitable. If the temperature inside becomes too high, the Eskimo simply thrusts his snow knife through the roof and the air escapes with a hiss.

Life Inside the Igloo

What of the life in these strange dwellings?

Not long after I arrived in the country, Ayallik asked me to visit his camp, out on the ice. We had almost reached the village before I saw it—a cluster of igloos nearly buried in the snow. The dogs announced our arrival, and the Eskimos emerged. After the usual greetings, I followed Ayallik to his igloo, plunging after him on all fours into a dark hole, making my first entrance into an igloo.

A sour smell of rancid grease, wet fur, and burrow muck almost knocked me over, but the general aspect was bright,

~~~~~About the Author~~~~~



Father Roger Buliard, shown above with a pair of Arctic huskies, is a young French missionary who at the age of 25 went to live and work among the Eskimos of Canada. In *Inuk*, the book from which this account is taken, he tells of his fifteen years' experience in the Arctic. *Inuk* is the story of his struggle — and eventual triumph — against the ice, cold, loneliness, and initial hostility of the people.

Father Buliard was born in Russey-Doubs, France, and educated at French universities. He wrote *Inuk*, he says, "to attract public and official interest for a people I have learned to admire for their courage and love despite their faults."

pleasant, homey. A soft reddish light was given off by two stone lamps.

I shook hands with an ancient grandmother whose wrinkled, tattooed face wore a smile of welcome. Two girls claimed my outer garments, shaking them free of snow and folding them carefully. A pair of small children drew back into the shadows of the igloo, trying to hide from the Great Eyebrow (the white man). I was given a seat on the skin bed, and Ayallik's wife blew up the lazy flame, preparing tea.

"First let us eat some frozen fish," Ayallik's wife said.

There was a basin full of frozen fish on the floor and the woman took a piece with her greasy fingers, innocently offering it to me. There was the hint of the smile at the corners of her mouth, and I understood that it was a kind of test.

The joke was on them. I knew all about frozen fish, and how to eat it. In fact, I already rather liked it, and began to eat like an expert. They watched me for a few minutes, then everyone began to eat. I had passed the test with flying colors.

That night all the camp crowded into Ayallik's igloo, eager to give me the once-over. There was singing and the telling of stories. It was late. At last Ayallik stood up and said, rather brusquely, "Surely the Krabloonak would like to sleep."

As if dispersed by a gunshot, the visitors fell to their knees and dived out into the night. When they were gone there was a brief consultation, after which Ayallik decided that I would sleep between the eldest boy and the grandmother.

I slipped into my fur bag. The kids squeezed themselves under the skins, and the wrinkled granny, grumbling and complaining like any old lady, squatted on her heels and stripped off all her clothes. She got into bed, muttering to herself and grunting, tossing about for a while before she fell asleep.

I must quickly have fallen asleep, for at dawn I felt them shake me, and came awake. While I dressed, Ayallik remained crouched under the skin until the women served him his mug of tea and slab of frozen fish. He remained in bed for half an hour after this strange breakfast. At last his wife said, "The weather is nice. Not too cold. Clear, without a breath of wind."

This brought Ayallik to life.

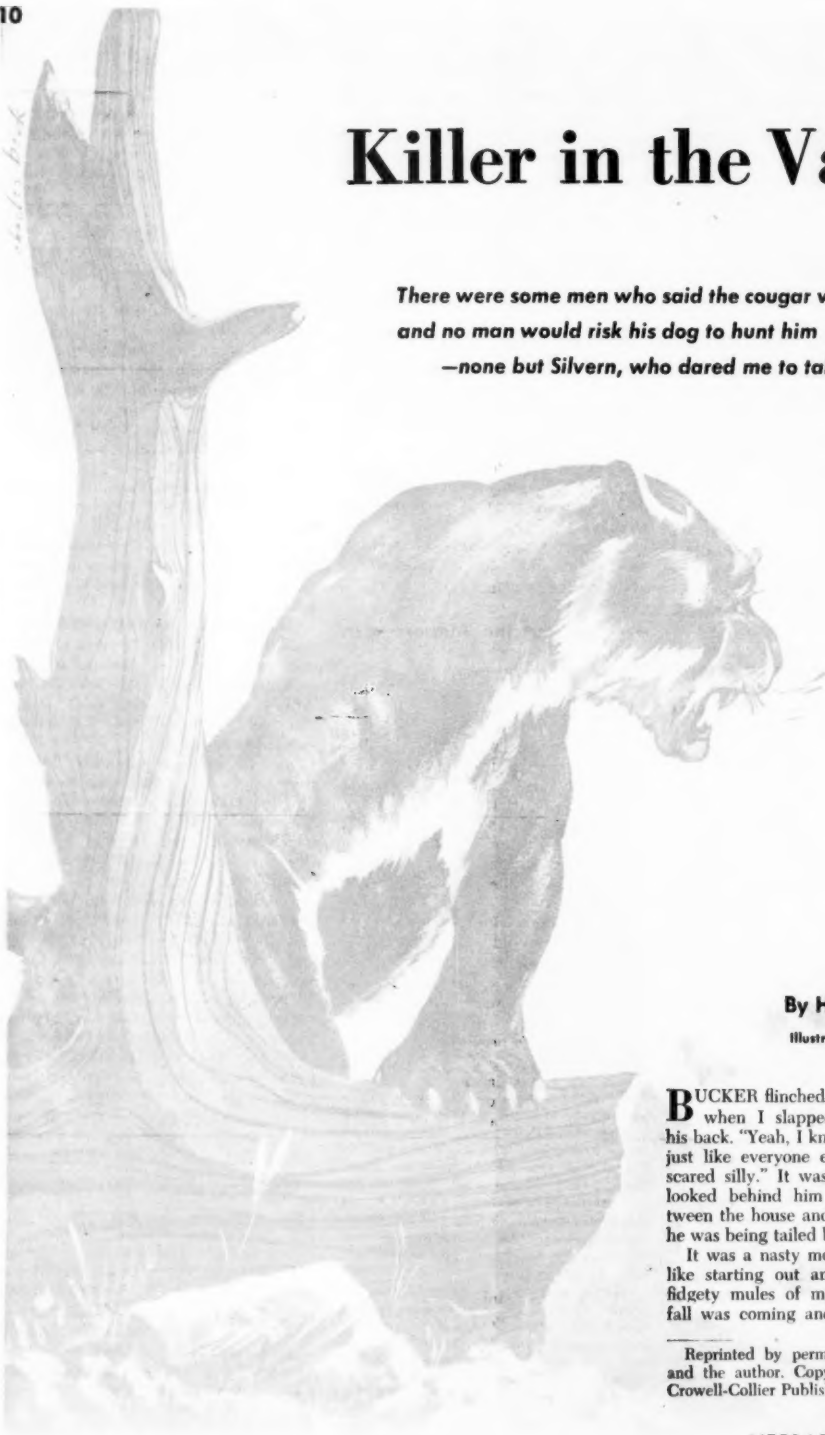
"Kamiksammik!" . . . "My boots!" he commanded. His brow was furrowed by weighty thoughts. What should he do today? Look to his traps? Go fishing? Hunt seals? Finally he decided.

"I shall go to the river and come back tonight. With fish, eh?"

Killer in the Valley

There were some men who said the cougar was a ghost . . .
and no man would risk his dog to hunt him

—none but Silvern, who dared me to take my dog, too



By **HIRAM SAVAGE**

Illustration by **Charles Beck**

BUCKER flinched and rolled his eyes when I slapped the saddle onto his back. "Yeah, I know," I said, "you're just like everyone else in the valley—scared silly." It was getting so a man looked behind him sixteen times between the house and the barn to see if he was being tailed by a big cougar.

It was a nasty morning and I didn't like starting out any better than the fidgety mules of my pack string, but fall was coming and I still had back-

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country camps to stock. Once it snowed in the mountains there'd be no getting stock through Elkhorn Pass.

My pup, Smoky, howled and tugged at her chain. She too sensed cougar and wanted to take up the trail, but she had a lot to learn yet. "Later, girl," I said, patting her head. "As soon's packing season's over we'll run cat all winter."

I was as eager to hunt as she was. Ever since I was a kid, I'd dreamed of owning a hound like Smoky. Sometimes when I'd ride into the back country I'd come across old Silvern and his dog, Boone, looking for cat sign. You never knew where you'd see Silvern. Anyplace in the big jumble of peaks that hugged the coast you might look up and see him leaning on his rifle, the big hound sitting quietly beside him watching.

Boone was getting old now, not as fast as he used to be, but I guess he and Silvern had more cougar to their credit than all the rest of the hunters in the country put together. And even Silvern wanted Smoky. He knew that once she was trained she'd be the best in the country. Small, maybe, but fast, and born to hunt. He'd never been known to hunt another dog along with Boone, but the last time he'd come down for supplies he'd seen Smoky. He'd stopped, looked at her for a minute, then walked toward her.

Smoky had gone to his outstretched hand. "Thoroughbred black-and-tan," he'd said to himself. He'd run a hand over her long silky ears, and his dark eyes had gleamed as he looked her over. Then he'd turned to me and said, "How much you want for her?"

I'd shaken my head. I wasn't going to sell her at any price. It had been my good luck to find her when I was east of the mountains, looking for pack stock. I wouldn't have traded her for the best saddle horse in Washington.

Now I lined out the string, jammed my rifle into the scabbard, untied Smoky, and started out.

FOG hung like a soggy blanket over the hills, and trailed dismally through the treetops. Buckner sidled and pranced all over the road, and the mules alternated between crowding one another ahead and yanking back. There was a cutbank up ahead, covered with salal and rhododendron. Suddenly Buckner wheeled under the bank and tried to turn. As I saw the gray shadow sailing off the bank I knew that the cougar had been with us all morning. He lighted with a snarl on the last mule's back, lashing out with powerful forepaws while the mule bucked and brayed frantically.

I had the rifle half out of the scabbard when the red mule hit Buckner broadside in wild panic. The rifle went flying and I fought to stay in the saddle while Buckner went crazy with the rest of the stock. When I got him quieted I rode on up to McDonald's to get a gun and his dogs.

Ordinarily, when a cougar came into the valley, it was a fight to see who'd get him first. Most of the ranchers kept a bunch of dogs, some good, some useless, but most any of them would take a hot trail, and the bounty came in handy for whoever bagged him. But this cat was different. When I told McDonald what had happened, he looked at the sky and said, "Not much chance to track him today. It's sure to rain and wash the trail out."

"Wash it out?" I said. "He hasn't even made it yet. That cat's down there right now chewing on my best mule. Grab your rifle and let's take the dogs and go!"

McDonald took his thirty-thirty off the wall and handed it to me. "Take this if you've a mind to," he said, "but my dogs won't run that cougar, and neither will any other hound in the country that's been anywhere near him."

I OPENED my mouth, but McDonald went on evenly: "You think I'm scared. Well, I am. That devil just ain't scared of dog or man. He ripped two of my hounds apart and I ain't gonna lose any more. Jackson won't hunt him and neither will Phillips, and if you try that new hound of yours out on him, you ain't got the sense of your dumbest mule."

"Smoky'd run him," I said doggedly, "if you guys would get your hounds together and back her up."

But McDonald just shook his head. I took his rifle and went back to the kill, but the cougar'd eaten his meal and left. The mule's neck was broken, and there were deep gouges that the long claws had ripped in his back and sides. The cougar had clawed through the saddle pad and taken a few bites of the loin, but that was all.

I caught up the stock again and turned them out to pasture. Then I saddled Buckner and headed for the high country. Silvern wasn't scared, and even if Boone was old he could pick up a trail where no other hound could smell a thing.

The last I'd heard, Silvern was at his camp at Buckhorn, so I rode that way. I found him on a ridge of the high country some fifteen miles back, pulling a coyote set. As usual, he saw me first and stood waiting, his long black hair

waving in the wind, his deepset eyes alert.

"Cougar got one of my mules," I told him. "On the cutbank this morning. There isn't a hunter in the country who'll go after it now."

"Did you see it?" Silvern asked.

I nodded, and told him what had happened. Silvern looked solemn and said to himself, "Sounds like the Old Lady. I been wondering where she'd show up next."

HE looked for a long time at the sky out across the jagged peaks; then he called Boone. "We got a couple more sets to pull," he said, "but we'll catch you 'fore you hit the switchbacks."

When Silvern and I came down off the trail into the road, I had thirty trail miles behind me and I was weary to the last inch. It was still half raining and we were damp and sweaty. Silvern was fresh and alert, aware of everything around him, pointing out a deer in the brush, an owl hunched in a tree, and the marks of a cat on a cedar tree. As soon as we hit the road, he called Boone back to his side, and the big dog whined softly at him, but he couldn't pick up any scent at the kill. It was just dark when we hit the ranch. Jackson and McDonald were at the gate.

"You figuring on hunting this beast?" McDonald asked.

Silvern leaned on the fence and took out his pipe. "Thought I might have a try at it," he said.

"Somebody better do something," Jackson said grimly, "or we'll all go broke."

"Whoever kills him will get the biggest tom this country ever saw," McDonald said.

Silvern squinted up at the night sky with the big fir trees black against it. His mouth turned down at the corners. "Ain't no tom," he said finally. "It's an old female, and whoever gets her will earn his bounty."

McDonald looked skeptical. "What makes you so sure it's a female?"

Silvern bit down on his pipe. "Cats are like people. You get to know 'em by their actions."

"Have you seen her?" I asked.

"No, but I've run her now and again for two years. She used to hang out on the Telsick. Then she crossed and slaughtered on the Northside awhile. I knew soon's you mentioned her kill it was the same one."

"How come you ain't killed her?" McDonald demanded.

Silvern smiled wryly. "She likes to run dogs till their feet fall off."

He turned suddenly and looked up the road. Boone sat beside him, watch-

ing. "What is it?" Silvern whispered.

Then Boone looked bored and lay down again as an old sheep rancher from up-river appeared. The rancher ignored the rest of us when he saw Silvern. "Man, I'm glad to see you. That big cat just got two of my sheep. I tried to get by him to go for my rifle but he just stood there, lashing his tail, daring me. Biggest cougar I ever saw."

He went on, telling his tale, but Silvern wasn't listening. He and Boone were heading up the road. I wanted to go, but I couldn't ask. Silvern was a funny cuss. He was always friendly, and if you ran across him in the hills he asked you to his camp, but I always felt like an outsider. He and the hills and his dog had something the ordinary person just couldn't reach. Most people called him queer.

HE didn't come back that night, or the next. On the third day he came in just after dark. He didn't say much, just fed Boone, patted and talked to Smoky for a minute, then crawled into his bunk. I would have bet he hadn't slept those three days and when I looked at Boone I was sure. Boone's big feet were raw and his ribs hung out. When he finished eating he just flopped and shut his eyes.

Smoky came over and licked daintily at his pan. She gave Boone a look that said "hog" and came over to me. She put her nose on my knee and looked up solemnly. I spoke and she got up, walked around me, and came back to thump her tail against my legs. I could hardly wait until snow flew and I could run her on cat.

McDonald and Jackson came by next evening to hear the story. Silvern was sitting in front of the fire, resting his chin in his hands and staring quietly at the flames.

"You didn't get her, I take it," McDonald said.

Silvern shook his head slowly.

"How far'd you run her?" Jackson asked.

Silvern looked up, his eyes bright. "If I tell the truth you won't believe it," he said. He tapped tobacco into his pipe. "We run her up into the crags, then back up into the Crow. We wound up there yesterday when Boone's feet got so sore he couldn't run no more."

"Sure your dog didn't get off to the trail of another one somewhere along the line?" McDonald asked.

Silvern puffed on his pipe and looked hard at McDonald. "Your dog might make that mistake, but Boone wouldn't," he said.

He wouldn't talk any more then, just sat staring into the fire. His dark eyes

were bright with the fire's glow, and every once in a while he'd cock an eyebrow like he was asking himself a question.

Three days later Jackson found another of his calves dead in the field next to the river. The cougar had ripped it apart, eaten some of it and left the rest. You knew by her kills she wasn't hungry. She never bothered to cover a kill and she never came back to one.

"Just kills for the fun of it," Silvern said disgustedly when he looked it over. He sat down, drawing little circles in a patch of sand, while I held the dogs back. Finally he looked up at me with those black, piercing eyes. "Do you want to risk Smoky on the trail of the Old Lady?" he asked slowly.

"You would if she were yours, wouldn't you?" I said.

His answer was short: "What one man does ain't necessarily what the next one will."

I tried to hold my voice steady when I said, "Guess a man's got to figure his dog's expendable if he's gonna run cougar."

Silvern nodded. "But you could run a lot of cougar before you'd find one to expend dogs as fast as the Old Lady. She nearly got Boone last time, missed him by the thickness of her whiskers."

I looked up in surprise. He hadn't said anything before about being that close to the cat.

"Do you think you could run three days and nights—without stopping?" he asked.

"I could try," I answered. To hunt with Silvern was a favor few men enjoyed.

He looked up to where the rain clouds were piling up. "There's just one way I know to corner that she-devil, if the weather holds and the dogs don't get their feet too cut up. . . ."

We went back to the house and got flashlights, our guns, and a little grub. It looked like darn little to me, but Silvern said, "We'll eat cougar meat."

He strapped on his old thirty-three Winchester and I stuck my forty-five Colt in my holster, and we were off.

I was glad to see Smoky work. She and Boone rooted out through the pasture, picking up the trail on the far side of the river and heading up the ridge.

THE dogs worked together in perfect agreement. Boone's big bold form in front and Smoky's just smaller one behind him. Her high-pitched wail carried with his booming trail call down through the timber. We climbed steadily up through thick rhododendron until the brush thinned out and the rocks on top of the mountain came in view. I soon

found I had calluses in the wrong places. I'd been riding too much.

"Think the dogs will lose the trail in the rocks?" I asked when we stopped for a breather.

Silvern shook his head. "Not here. Watch old Boone pick it up through the rocks. He's got sense enough to know cats jump thirty feet at a time and he figures where they jump to."

We watched the big dog work slowly along, nosing over the smooth rocks, woofing when he found the scent. Smoky looked confused, but she hunted hard at Silvern's command. He looked real pleased at the way she behaved. Boone took the trail on the far side of the ridge and we plunged back into thick brush. And this was just the beginning.

IT was late evening when Silvern called a halt. We caught up with Boone and Smoky in the rocks again. They were nosing around, but they had lost the trail. A light rain was falling—the kind that falls along the coast and seems to hang in the air and keep everything saturated.

"She's up to her old tricks," Silvern said. "From now on we go by guess and b'gosh. We'll find a dry spot and spend the night here."

"Won't she be miles away by morning?"

"My guess is she'll figure she's lost the dogs and hole up here on the ridge for the night. That's where we'll fool her. If the weather holds we'll pick up the trail somewhere along the top in the morning."

We found a sheltered place under an overhanging bluff. Out of the rain-soaked hills Silvern grubbed pitchy roots that burned bright and hot the long wet night. I slept, but Silvern sat watching the fire and puffing his pipe, moving only occasionally to throw on more wood or reach over and stroke Boone. Smoky slept beside me the whole night, whimpering in her sleep. Once I opened my eyes and saw Silvern grinning at me. "How much you want for your hound?" he asked.

"Nine hundred ninety-nine dollars," I mumbled, then went back to sleep with my hand on her head. But most of the time when I woke up, Silvern was staring into the fire, his face still and somber.

In the morning the clouds thinned out. We climbed back up the steep rocky slope and turned the dogs loose. They worked the crest of the ridge slowly. Fog hung on the crags in big ragged patches. Rolling rock made a hollow sound, and Boone's wild bay, joined a second later by Smoky's, thun-

dered and pealed among the crags as the dogs took the trail again.

We caught a glimpse of Boone through the fog, fighting his way over a big rockslide, slipping back, then lunging ahead. Smoky followed easily, scrambling after the big dog.

"Now, if the weather will hold, Boone might be able to hang onto her tail," Silvern said.

All morning we crawled over the side of the mountain, hanging on narrow ledges, working up painfully, boosting the dogs along, only to have the trail go down again over the sheer, slippery pinnacles. The cougar jumped from ledge to ledge, and sometimes Boone took long minutes to find where she'd landed. Smoky began to catch on. She darted here and there, once in a while picking up the track before Boone did and bellowing her discovery to us. She was even better than we'd thought. I felt proud just watching her.

ALL that day Silvern stayed close to the dogs, urging them on, his eyes glittering with excitement. He moved gracefully over the rocks, never giving a thought to their treachery, leaving me behind to catch up when I could. For long minutes he'd forget I was trailing along behind and he seemed surprised when he looked back and saw me still coming. My feet were raw and I ached all over, but I wasn't going to quit.

After a while Boone began to walk tender-footed over the sharp rocks, and finally Silvern called him up and looked at his feet. "That's her tactics," he said as he turned the old dog loose, "padding over the rocks till a dog's feet are cut to ribbons."

He called Smoky up and looked at her paws, but they weren't bad. "She didn't spend all last week poundin' through this," Silvern said.

"Think we'll get her this time?" I asked.

"We might," Silvern said, "but if she trees, watch yourself. So far as she's concerned, we're just more meat on the table."

We went on and Boone's feet got worse, until each step left a trail of blood. We came out on a big slide that fell off into a deep canyon. We could tell we were getting close. The dogs bellowed like mad and took off down the slide. Silvern pointed to the fine shale at our feet, then down the hill. The tracks told the tale. The big cat had hesitated at the top of the slide, pawing deep furrows in the rocks, then had gone down the hill with big jumps.

Silvern moved easily, his body moving with the shifting, rolling mass underfoot. I was suddenly dizzy and half sick.

My chest heaved and pounded and I fought for breath. We'd run through the crags so long I began to think the whole world was on edge. The cat wasn't anything real any more—more like something I was pursuing in a dream—but I ran on, if only because I'm hardheaded.

Old Boone was limping painfully and Smoky was taking the lead when the shadows started to close in on the valleys. We were near the top, climbing a slope, when we heard Smoky's long, somber wail. Silvern stopped short and we listened as it rolled and echoed across the canyons.

"She's treed!" Silvern said, then sprinted up the hill, leaving me behind. He was sizing things up when I came along.

SMOKY leaped about like a ballet dancer, but Boone was tired. He shook himself and howled to heaven, then sat down and waited. The cougar wasn't in sight but we knew she was in the rocks, trapped by the sheer walls of the top of the mountain. Silvern checked his gun and motioned to me to do the same. He spoke softly to the dogs and moved up into the shadows. "Be ready now," he whispered.

He moved away, and I huddled against a rock and shivered as the mountain wind cut through me. There was an ominous silence, with nothing but the swish of the wind through the crags. Then there was an angry snarl and a shuffling noise. I heard Silvern's warning but not in time. I caught a flash of the tawny form, the gleam of white teeth and the ugly head with ears laid back. I brought up my Colt, but the cat was already on me and I felt myself going down and the sharp claws ripping up my shoulder.

My wind was gone and I lay on my back, fighting for breath, watching the big cat crouching against the rock, spitting and snarling as Smoky darted at her flanks. Silvern took aim, but the dogs dancing around kept getting in the way. I saw the big cat hunch down, tensing for the spring. Then Boone went for her throat and the two went winding down the hill in a ball, Smoky hot after them. Silvern streaked after them, and as I staggered to my feet I heard the sharp report of his thirty-thirty.

When I got there Silvern was standing over Boone. The old dog lay with his sides ripped open. I looked up at Silvern. No expression crossed his face, but his eyes were hard as granite and his shoulders slumped. I looked back at Boone, then turned away.

Smoky's yowls cut the air and Silvern wheeled and bolted after her. He ran grimly, urging the pup on, staying right

with her. Somehow I made myself go on, swallowing the lump in my throat and wiping the blood off my shoulder as I ran.

Near the top of the mountain, in a little thicket of scrub pine, Smoky bayed "tree" and we went in. The dusk was closing in, and Silvern flashed his light across the hill, quickly at first, then slowly, covering the trees one by one. I caught my breath as the light picked up the glowing, ice-green eyes.

"Catch the pup," Silvern ordered.

I held Smoky while he moved in. The eyes in the tree weaved threateningly, but Silvern never hesitated. A faint whine came from the cat—a warning—and I heard her clawing at the bark of the pine. The eyes wavered, disappeared for a second, then glowed brightly as Silvern moved up under the tree. Then his gun cracked and Smoky struggled for freedom.

"Let her go," Silvern said wearily. "It's her first cougar."

It was mine too, and I looked the cat over carefully from the strong, white teeth to the thick, powerful tail.

"Never had kits, like I thought," Silvern said. "Fatter'n a hog and meaner'n a hungry wolf."

"Bet she's a record," I said.

"She's a record, all right," Silvern said. "She got the best dog in the state."

He patted and praised Smoky for a minute; then we went down to one of his camps and slept until dawn.

WHEN I woke up, Silvern was coming up the hill with water for coffee. We ate in silence. I felt bad about Boone, but there are some things that can't be said. Silvern knew, though.

"We agreed, son," he said, "that a man's got to figure his dog's expendable in this business. Boone had a lot of cougar to his credit. I can't complain."

"Suppose not," I said.

With breakfast over, I got up to go. I still had winter camps to stock and it was miles to home. Silvern looked at my scratched shoulder. "Sure you can make it?" he asked.

"Sure."

"Call your dog," he said.

I called her and we started out, but after a few steps she stopped. She looked back at Silvern, sitting alone by the fire, puffing on his pipe. Then she looked up at me, whined softly, and ran back and sat down by Silvern, the white tip of her tail beating against his legs. She was smarter than I thought.

"Reckon if she was mine, I wouldn't have to call her," I said slowly, then turned and went down the trail. A good dog needs a good master, and they were two of a kind.

Crowds Are Made of People

"ALL BOYS interested in intramural basketball report to . . ." The bulletin reader's voice droned on. The time was 8:35 A.M., the place the homeroom of a large suburban high school. During the half hour from 8:30 to nine o'clock announcements were made, notices delivered, and the routine business of the homeroom transacted.

The well-modulated voice of the girl reading the bulletin was accompanied by the sound of the restless shifting of two hundred and twenty-seven bodies, aged sixteen and seventeen. Loafers shuffled beneath desks, a series of staccato coughs ran through the room, and the stealthily turned pages of an algebra book whispered softly.

Mr. Lewis Goodjohn, fifty-five and portly, surveyed homeroom 124 from his desk of authority at its front. In his charges he saw what the speakers at Memorial Day assemblies mistily refer to as "America's Youth." Recently this remarkable phenomenon, the American adolescent, has also been titled "The Teen-ager."

Bus drivers, waitresses, and sales-clerks know "The Teen-ager" well: he never boards a bus—he invades it; he considers French fries and coke *de rigueur*; and at the moment he has a yen for neon socks.

To the casual observer, the two hundred and twenty-seven citizens of homeroom 124 and their contemporaries throughout the nation fitted easily into this wholesale lumping. To the uninitiated, the "lumpability" of the teen-ager is infinite.

His everyday dress assumes the proportions of a uniform. One year the fad is "shmoo jackets"; for awhile everyone wears the baggy, shapeless, white things and sport shops do a booming business. Then the word "shmoo" drops out of the vocabulary and the jacket out of the wardrobe. As suddenly as it came, the "shmoo" jacket is gone. The next year the feminine "rush" is for middie blouses—shades of 1920! And although it is obviously impossible for 300 high school girls formally to agree to stop wearing middies on a certain Friday, that is what seems to happen.

This mysterious rapport among "The Teen-agers" also exists in the way they talk. Their language is a code.

A typical demonstration of this code took place only yesterday aboard the

almost empty Number 3 bus. A group of high school boys occupied the seats at the rear—sticking to the rear was a custom among high school boys. As the bus passed a pretty young lady, one of the boys exclaimed, "George!" He spoke with the air of a connoisseur. The other boys cheerfully nodded their heads in approval. The uninitiated reflected that the young lady could hardly be named George . . . but just at this moment the bus passed another young lady and a boy called out, "George, too!" Well, the uninitiated puzzled . . . and shook their heads. . . .

"To all seniors: a representative of Martinville College will be here tomorrow . . ." the voice of the bulletin reader droned on. But few in homeroom 124 were listening. . . .

At the very last desk in the fifteenth range of seats sat Al Greene. He hunched over his physics book as though he were draining the last bit of wisdom out of the printed page. Getting his homework done was far more important to Al than listening to the bulletin. He was determined to win a scholarship to one of the best tech institutes in the country.

Al raised his eyes a moment, as a low exclamation "George!" escaped from Chuck Rogers down the aisle.

Chuck was gazing at Bonnie Cushman, who always wore a perky bow in her short, fluffy blonde hair, giving her a little-girl look. In a childish voice carefully pitched to carry within a radius of three or four desks, she now

called over Chuck's desk to her sorority sister, flawless Marilyn Addams.

Chuck shifted uncomfortably in his seat. Driven by a desire to do something to catch the girls' attention, he waved a mocking finger toward Genevieve Burrows, the bulletin reader.

Genevieve Burrows was certainly "different." For one thing, she wore her hair in long braids wound around her head. Bonnie and Marilyn and the other girls wore their hair in loose bobs—straight or curled, long or short—but definitely not in braids!

Genevieve Burrows had "stood out" from her schoolmates ever since the day in freshman English class when she calmly announced she intended to become a missionary! Eyebrows shot up and sly glances were exchanged.

Now Chuck's mocking nod toward Genevieve brought giggles from Bonnie and Marilyn. Chuck settled back in his seat with a noisy bounce.

Don Donnahugh, sitting across the aisle, looked over. Four months ago Don would have considered Chuck Rogers "nuts" for bothering with girls. At that time Don regarded all girls as silly, giggling creatures. Then he had met Karen. Somehow Karen was different. She didn't giggle, and when he was with her he said many funny things. She understood how he felt about basketball, too.

Basketball! Even now he could feel the firm, pebbly surface of the ball beneath his finger tips. Don's name stood consistently near the top of the list of Varsity high scorers. Never at the very top—Don Donnahugh was good but not the best. He had run for senior class president and lost—lost by a narrow margin, but lost just the same. He



"At the Passing Bell," oil painting by Elayne Greenspan, Jones Junior High School, Hartford, Conn., received an Award in 1951 Scholastic Art Awards.

pulled down steady "B's," but never "A's." Don Donnahugh seemed to go through school and life that way—always near the top but never the very first.

Across the aisle from him, Charlie Davis was thinking about sports, too. Sports, school, and family. The three subjects chased each other around in his head. He glanced toward Mr. Goodjohn at his desk in the front of the room.

"I'll tell him today," Charles muttered to himself. But he knew what Mr. Goodjohn would say.

"Stay one more week, Charlie. Things will work out."

Then Charlie would mumble the same old sentences. He had eight brothers and sisters. His father, a railroad porter, wasn't earning very much. Now his mother was sick. His job at the garage after school and on Saturdays didn't make enough to help out.

"I know Coach Burton is counting on you to play football next year," Mr. Goodjohn would say.

Mr. Goodjohn understood how it was that Charlie Davis lived to play football. In his classes, Charlie sat at the back of the room, a quiet, dark boy, physically present but mentally far away. He never caused any discipline problems, but somehow Charlie Davis just wasn't interested. His marks were barely high enough to keep him eligible for football. It was out on the field that he came alive, with a speed and grace that made good players like Don Donnahugh look awkward. Football next fall. . . . Charlie moistened his lips. . . .

The minute hand on the wall clock jumped a space. The synchronized bell called out its strident summons to first period class.

Charlie Davis looked up with a start. He found the eyes of reserved, slightly stuffy Mr. Goodjohn regarding him with a look that was almost tender. Surprised and embarrassed, Charlie reached for his English book, grabbed a math book by mistake, and without noticing the difference hastily stuffed it under his arm and pushed up the aisle.

"I'll tell him tomorrow," he resolved, and slipped through the doorway and was lost in the crowded hall.

• • •

Laughing, quiet, frivolous, serious, "The Teen-agers" surged down the hall. All alike and all different.

Mary Nolan, 17
Evanston (Ill.) Twp. H. S.
Teacher, Mildred Wright

For the short story you have just read, Mary Nolan received the Third National Award in Short Story in the 1951 Scholastic Writing Awards.



"The Way Home," water color by Kalman Durik, East Tech H. S., Cleveland, Ohio, won Award, 1951 Scholastic Art Awards.

For obvious reasons, you'll enjoy Joan McGuire's humorous piece below about the common (pardon us, Jean) cold.

King Cold

Friends and fellow cold-sufferers, arise! Too long has our mutual ailment been mis-classified under the stigma of "common." (Aaa-choo!) Too long has the cold been belittled and ignored by hardier individuals, laughed and sneered at by those unaccustomed to its symptoms! Act now, that the cold may achieve the recognition it deserves!

If one must come right down to it (or "with" it), the cold has a certain dignity quite lacking in other illnesses. Persons afflicted with typhoid fever may lose their hair; victims of smallpox are likely to be marred by scars for life; but the cold lends a special charm to the hapless victim! (Aaa-choo!) One's nose becomes radiant with a softly shining red glow; one's voice can achieve the delicate appeal of a disturbed female sea-otter (appealing chiefly to male sea-otters, however); and one's eyes are . . . (Aaa-choo! Excuse me!).

When one is tempted to mutter, "Aw, I only have a cold," stop and consider. (Sniff.) What keeps more people from work than anything else? The cold. So (Aaa-choo!) grasp your mentholatum jar. Be proud of your Kleenex. Remember that yours is a noble cause—the promotion of the cold as a principal disease of this era! (Sniff. I seem to have caught a small cold. . . .!) Forward, patriots! Take up your nose-drops and follow me!

Joan McGuire
Alamo Heights H. S.
San Antonio, Texas
Teacher, Mrs. Ray McKaig

Alexandra von Schoeler was awarded an Honorable Mention in Poetry in the 1951 Scholastic Awards.

Beneath the Snow

Gray sky, black trees,
White snow that
On the street
When it falls
Turns a brownish mauve.
People,
Wrapped in heavy clothes,
Slowly,
Drive dark cars.
Walk here, there
By the sparse bedraggled bushes
And the deadened, lonely grass that
Grow against the entrances of
Cold and whitened homes.
Cold air
Blows the snow . . . makes things clear.
Vast starkness,
Largeness,
Beauty undetailed.
Winter. . . .

A time to nourish the interior,
For the warmth, far beneath the snow.
A time when
You and I with Love

Cannot go,
But must stay,
Deep,
In the dream beneath the snow.

Winter. . . .

A time not evident
(As in spring)
Of every sweet and little thing.
But a time
When great things,
Keep,
In unfathomed quiet thoughts,
And grow,
Deep,
In the dream and warmth beneath the
SHOW.

Alexandra von Schoeler, 16
Kingswood School, Detroit, Mich
Teacher, Elizabeth Bennett

See Yourself in Print

● Have you a short story, poem, or essay, of which you're especially proud? Send it to the Young Voices Editor, Scholastic Magazines, 351 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope if you wish your contribution returned. Material published is automatically considered for awards in the annual Scholastic Writing Awards and for honors in those areas where Regional Scholastic Writing awards are sponsored by local newspapers.

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH



*It's circus time in the movies—here's a
new film screened under the Big Top*



Trapeze-artist Holly (Betty Hutton) sets out to outdo the Great Sebastian, who has usurped her place in center ring.

"STEP right up, ladies and gentlemen, step right up and sneak a preview of *The Greatest Show on Earth*, the super-colossal circus extravaganza filmed by the great Cecil B. DeMille himself. Filmed under the big top of the Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey circus. Catch the lady sword-swallower in her breathtaking act, chuckle at the thin man and the fat man, howl with the happy clowns.

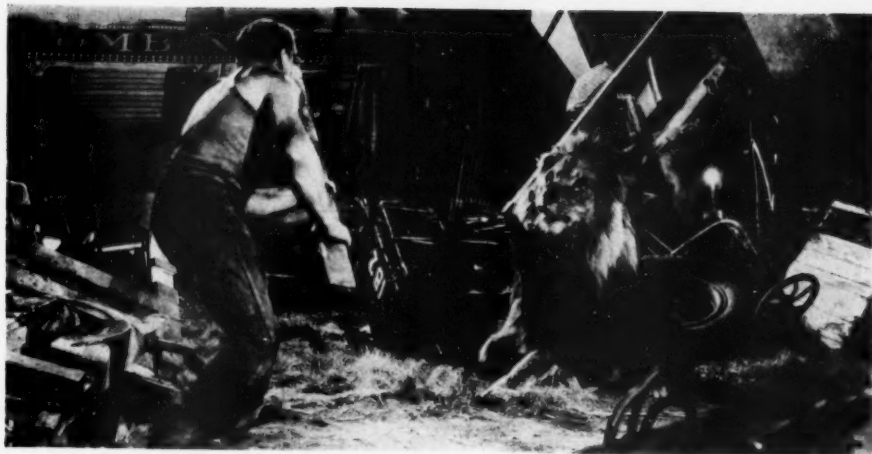
"Move right along, folks, from the side show into the big top itself. Meet the stars who make our story—Holly, the daring young lady on the flying trapeze; The Great Sebastian, the death-defying aerialist who performs only in the center ring. As the story unfolds



After each stunt by Sebastian (Cornel Wilde), Holly goes one better; answers this one by a handstand on balanced chair.



The rivalry reaches a peak when Holly takes a chance with a weak rope, is hauled down by circus manager (Charlton Heston).



Friction among side-show performers leads to sabotage of circus train; in disastrous wreck lives are lost and the circus manager seriously injured.

you'll see the dramatic contest of skill and daring between the young lady of ring one and this champion in the center ring.

"You'll see the drama behind the scenes, with John Ringling North himself explaining what goes on. You'll watch the big top going up. See how every rope, every peg, every line is made secure against wind and rain, every tear patched, to keep out the wind that might rip through the big tent, endangering life and limb.

"Here is the ever-old, ever-new, ever-wondrous world of clowns and acrobats, and animals. Witness the monarchs of the jungle perform unbelievable feats of equilibrium. But hurry, hurry!"



Clowning through *The Greatest Show on Earth* are the happy clown (Jimmy Stewart, left) and veteran circus performer, Emmett Kelly.



Despite chaos of train wreck, the "show goes on"; led by Holly, performers stage circus in streets of a town.

O'Halloran's Luck

Illustrations by
Katharine Tracy



The short story by **STEPHEN VINCENT BENET**

Dramatized for radio by **George Lefferts**

*Perhaps the leprechaun did bring O'Halloran his luck—but
only after he dared to believe in himself*

CHARACTERS

TIM O'HALLORAN
MISS HARPER, Tim's secretary
PAT MURRAY, Tim's grandson
KITTY MALONE, Tim's sweetheart
CHARLEY MALONE, Kitty's father
EVERETT O'TOOLE, a streetcar conductor
RORY, O'Halloran's Luck
MR. HENDRIX, construction supervisor
MR. McCANN, a foreman of the railroad
ANOTHER FOREMAN
TIM'S MOTHER
A WAITER

ANNOUNCER: Stephen Vincent Benet was a poet of the people and a storyteller of epic proportions. He was in love with America, and his stories—even the simplest of them—have the broad, wild sweep of the land he loved. "O'HALLORAN'S LUCK" is such a tale with all the qualities of a legend.

(Music, fading to the sound of a desk buzzer and the click of a telephone receiver.)

TIM *(an old man with a twinkle in his voice—through the phone):* Well?

MISS: Mr. O'Halloran, your grandson is here.

TIM: Send the young devil in.

(Sound of receiver hung up.)

MISS: He says to go right in, Mr. Murray.

(Door opens and footsteps.)

PAT: Hello, Grandfather.

TIM: Grandfather, me eye. Sit down.

PAT: Yes sir.

TIM: Now, what's this I hear about ye turning down that fellowship?

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PAT: Dad wants me to go into the law firm with him.

TIM: Then you're throwin' away a chance to roam the wide world doin' your anthropology so ye can sit in an office and grow fat.

PAT: I want to marry. Father says he'll cut me off without a cent if I pack off.

TIM: The devil! I warned me daughter against that Ulsterman but she was too strongheaded.

PAT: This way we won't have to wait—

TIM: If ye took this fellowship and went to Borneo or wherever, would she go with ye?

PAT: I—she says she would.

TIM: Is there no blood in your veins? Are ye not longin' for a frontier?

PAT: Money is the thing now.

TIM: Money! Why with the luck of the O'Hallorans ye'd have all the money ye want and then some—

PAT: I've heard a good deal about the luck of the O'Hallorans but you seem to be the only one who ever found it.

TIM: Do ye know why? Because I believed in it.

PAT: In those days people believed a lot of nonsense.

TIM: Nonsense, is it? Patrick, me boy, it pains me deeply to hear an O'Halloran speak like this. Now, make yourself comfortable, for I'm going to tell you about the luck of the O'Hallorans—what it is and how I came by it—and 'tis a thing I've told no other man to this very day—

(Music. Sneak under narration.)

TIM: When I was your age, back in dear old Clonnelly, me grandfather

used to entertain me with tales about the luck of the O'Hallorans—and about the pookas and the banshees and the leprechauns with the pointy ears and the cobblers' tools. And just like yourself, I used to scoff at them, for who could believe in luck when there was a potato famine and the young mouths were cryin' for bread? So, one day, I went to me own mother and spoke my mind—

(Music fades out.)

MOTHER: You're the fool of the family, Tim O'Halloran. Your brother Ignatius has gone for a priest like the good sensible man he is—

TIM: I was not made for priesting.

MOTHER: Your brother James for a sailor.

TIM: Ye know I get seasick.

MOTHER: Well, then, find yerself a trade and stop this talk about goin' to America.

TIM: And what's so farfetched about goin' to America?

MOTHER: Ask Charlie Malone and his Kitty. For they've been there for a year and she's still a servant girl.

TIM: What's wrong with bein' a servant when you can eat from gold plates, like all the other citizens in America?

MOTHER: Tim, 'tis time ye stopped dreamin' and found some work.

TIM: Work. There's little of that.

MOTHER: With the luck of the O'Hallorans, things will improve.

TIM: The luck of the O'Hallorans. Where is it? I've never seen it in all nineteen years of me life—father's never seen it, you've never seen it—

MOTHER: Your grandfather saw it.

TIM: Grandfather is an old—

MOTHER: Tim!

TIM: —an old man. His mind runs away from him.

MOTHER: It is entirely wishful to emigrate, Tim. But, well, there are chances and adventures in America—and Kitty Malone.

TIM: And Kitty Malone.

MOTHER: Ah, Timmy, when will ye learn that Miss Kitty Malone is not for you? Her father has ideas to marry her rich.

TIM: Kitty has ideas of her own—

MOTHER: Very well, Tim O'Halloran. If you're set on goin' on the water and breakin' your young heart—I'll not set my hand against it.

TIM: Will ye talk to father?

MOTHER: What can I say to him?

TIM: Why say to him—"O'Halloran, your youngest son has gone to America to get rich and marry Kitty Malone!"

(Music, up and under.)

TIM (the older man): The immigrant ship was crowded with bold young men, for America was building then. Aye, they were strong men that built the railroad in the early days—and 'twas the Irish did it. They were strong men that cleared the plains and bored thru the mountains. And I was one of them, six feet high then, and solid as the rock of Cashel—

(Music fades out. Sound of shipboard voices.)

FOREMAN: All right! Ye've signed on as railroad workers. When the immigration officials have passed ye through, report to me and ye'll get transportation and a meal ticket. The train leaves for St. Louis at six this evening. Ye'll receive thirty dollars a month out of which we'll take twenty-five toward the workin' off of your passage. After that ye can keep what you don't spend. That's all—

TIM: Excuse me, sir.

FOREMAN: What is it?

TIM: Since the train doesn't leave until six o'clock, I was wonderin' if I might look up a friend of mine after we dock in Boston.

FOREMAN: What's your name?

TIM: O'Halloran.

FOREMAN: Ye'll have to be here at six o'clock, then. Ye owe a hundred and sixteen dollars for your passage and ye'll work it off or go to prison.

TIM: I'll be back, sir, ye can count on it.

FOREMAN: See that ye do.

TIM: Here now, I'll not be talked to like a slave. I've heard that here in America no man need bend his knee.

FOREMAN: Nobody's askin' ye to bend your knee—but before we've finished building that railroad it's your back that'll be bendin'...

(Music up and under. Then sound of street noises, steps, door buzzer.)

KITTY: Yes? (Pause) Tim! Tim O'Halloran!

TIM: Kitty! Oh, let me see ye. Ah, your cheeks still have the Rose of Sharon in them.

KITTY: Tim, when did you come over?

TIM: Less than an hour ago. I haven't much time though. You see I'm leaving for St. Louis tonight.

KITTY: St. Louis!

TIM: I've found work there. A man on the boat signed me on to work off me passage on the railroad. But don't look so downcast. I'll work me passage off and be back in four months. Then 'tis a better position I'll find—and we can be married, if your father is willin'—

KITTY: I—oh, Tim.

TIM: Ye've not found another? The O'Hallorans have not been lucky, but that would be too much.

KITTY: Well—

TIM: Ye have—who is he?

KITTY: 'Tis an Orangeman—name of O'Toole.

TIM: An Orangeman! The Saints keep us!

KITTY: But I'm not promised. He's only been courtin'—

TIM: Does your father like him?

KITTY: Well, he has a good position as conductor on the horsecars—

TIM: And you, Kitty? How do you feel on the matter?

KITTY: Like this! (She kisses him.)

TIM: Kitty. Kitty, love.

KITTY: Did ye not think I still cared?

TIM: Kitty—I know 'tis a good deal to ask, but—would ye wait for me?

KITTY: Yes, Tim.

TIM: I'll be back, I swear it. And me pockets lined with money, too.

KITTY: I hope you're right, Tim.

TIM: I am, Kitty, believe me. Here—here we'll break this sixpence between us—and you shall keep half and I'll keep half. (Breaking sound) There.

KITTY: You're a strong man, Tim.

TIM: 'Tis only an English sixpence. Well I must be goin' now. Wait for me, Kitty.

KITTY: I'll wait, Tim. Good luck.

(Music, up and under.)

TIM (the older man): After I'd seen Kitty Malone, I felt myself the equal of giants. And so I went to the West to build the railroad. I was young then and I must admit I liked the strength and the wildness of it. It was all meat and drink to me, the bare tracks pushin' across the prairie or the locomotives coughin' along or the cold eyes of a murdered man lookin' up at the prairie stars. The weeks turned to months and the months to a year—and there were times when I'd have given all the gold in America for a smell of Clonnelly air. Those were the times when the black fit came upon me—and it was stronger



than I, and not even the thought of Kitty Malone could stop it—

(*Sound, laughter and men's voices.*)

TIM: I'll have a sandwich, if you please.

WAITER: Show me yer money, O'Halloran.

TIM: Do ye mistrust me?

WAITER: It isn't that I mistrust ye, but I misdoubt but ye've spent yer whole pay.

TIM: And a miserable pittance it is.

WAITER: Ye've told me ye have a lady-friend in Boston you're planning to marry. Why don't you pull up stakes and go back East?

TIM: Why don't I? Because I'm a miserable failure of a man. Fourteen months and not a penny to show for it.

WAITER: Well, maybe you'll find yer luck.

TIM: Luck is it? Labor with a shovel. Sure, there may be lucky creatures in the ould country but 'tis obvious they could not even survive here.

WAITER: Now I wouldn't be too sure of that. Ye might could find a stray pooka or leprechaun hiding in the grasses.

TIM: Ah, the first sight of the prairie would scare them into conniptions. And as for the Luck of us O'Hallorans, 'tis little good I've had of it and me not able to rise to foreman and marry Kitty Malone. Tim O'Halloran is a worthless man for all his strong back and arms.

WAITER: Here. Have a sandwich.

(*Music, up and under.*)

TIM: It must have been the black fit that did it. At any rate, as I was coming back I spied somethin' bright lyin' in the grass. I bent over and picked it up—

(*Music fades out.*)

TIM: As I live and breathe—a tiny shoe and a silver buckle on it. If this was the ould country, I'd swear it was a leprechaun's.

RORY (*Leprechaun's voice*): I'll trouble ye fer me shoe.

TIM: By the piper that played before Moses! I'll swear I heard a voice yet no one do I see.

RORY: I'm over beyond the rock bathin' me tired foot and I'll trouble ye to leave me shoe.

TIM: Well, now—if ye'll but show yourself—

RORY: I'll do that and gladly.

(*Sound. Rustle of underbrush. Music of a fairy theme.*)

TIM: And with that, the grasses did part and out stepped a little old man with a long white beard. He was perhaps the size of a well-grown child as I could see by the moonlight. But what interested me most was the fact that he was dressed in the clothes of antiquity and he carried a cobbler's tools in the belt by his side.

(*Music fades out.*)

RORY: If ye'll but hand it to me.

TIM: Just stretch out your hand.

There! Now, I've got ye!

RORY: Let me go! Leggo me ear! Help! Help!

TIM: Be still, ye little beastie. I'll not harm ye, I just want to examine ye.

RORY: Well, make your examination and gimme me bootie. (*Pause*)

TIM: By the faith and beli f, 'tis a leprechaun!

RORY: Ah, you're mad.

TIM: Mad is it, ye little beastie? Tell me then how ye come by thim pointy ears and thim cobbler's tools. Oh no, ye don't fool a Clonnelly man like Tim O'Halloran.

RORY: Did ye say Clonnelly?

TIM: I did.

RORY: O'Halloran?

TIM: O'Halloran, I said.

RORY: By me beard! I've found one at last!

TIM: One what?

RORY: Do ye not recognize me cap and medals? Am I not wearin' the O'Halloran colors?

TIM: Let me strike a light. Hold still.

(*Sound of striking match.*)

TIM: The Saints keep me! Who are ye, little man?

RORY: Who am I? Who indeed, but O'Halloran's Luck!

TIM: The O'Halloran leprechaun. Mother of Mercy!

RORY: And is this a sample of Clonnelly courtesy? Ye've almost broke me ear!

TIM: Sure, I didn't mean to harm ye, but what are ye doin' here on the plains of America?

RORY: And would I be stayin' behind with half Clonnelly on the water? By the Bones of Finn what sort of creature do ye take me for? And now, if ye'll give me me shoe—

TIM: Not so fast. There are rules and regulations governing the matter of finding a leprechaun's shoe.

RORY: Do I not know it?

TIM: If you're what ye seem to be, then there's the little matter of a pot of gold—

RORY: Pot of gold! And would I be here today, freezin' for want of a warm coat if I had the same? Sure, it all went for me passage to America.

TIM: Well, that may be so or it may not—

RORY: Oh, 'tis bitter hard to come to the waste wild prairies all alone just for the love of the Clonnelly folk—and then to be disbelieved by the first that speaks to me. If it had been an Ulsterman now, I might have expected it . . . but the O'Hallorans wear the green. . . .

TIM: So they do—and it shall not be said of an O'Halloran that he denied aid

and comfort to the family luck . . . sad as it's been, I'll not harm ye.

RORY: Do ye swear it?

TIM: I swear it.

RORY: Then I'll just creep under your coat, for I'm near destroyed by the chills and damp of the prairie. Ah, thank ye, that's much better. (*Pause*) Oh, this weary emigrating. 'Tis not what it's cracked up to be.

TIM: You're a pathetic sight, all right. Half starved and with your clothes all torn and raggedy. What be-fell ye?

RORY: 'Twas mostly the climate. 'Tis not good for us wee folk. 'Tis fortunate I am that I found myself a protector at last.

TIM: A protector! Hold on now! Is it not you that is supposed to be protectin' the likes of me?

RORY: Would ye be denyin' the family luck a bit of comfort?

TIM: I might have known this would be the way of it.

RORY: 'Tis not easy to go about for two thousand-odd years without a Christian soul.

TIM: What would ye have me do?

RORY: Well, since it was laid upon me by Saint Patrick himself that I'm to serve the O'Hallorans, it would be more convenient if ye'd keep me with ye. I need a bit o' luck meself—me, that had me own castle at Clonnelly and saw O'Sheen in his pride.

TIM: You saw the great O'Sheen?

RORY: That I did. Then St. Patrick came, and he made me what I am because I was betwixt and between, neither Christian nor heathen. When two shall take ye for what ye are, then shall ye be one again.

TIM: "When two shall take ye for what ye are . . ." Does not make sense.

RORY: Tell that to St. Patrick.

TIM: Here now, if it's criticizing the good Saint you are, I'll leave you here on the prairie.

RORY: I'm not criticizin'—only I wish he'd been more specific. And now what are we to do?

TIM: Well, 'tis a great responsibility to shoulder—but since you've asked for help, you shall have it. Clothes and food I can get you, but you must work.

RORY: Work! Did ye say work?

TIM: I did.

RORY: But I've never done a stitch of mortal work in me life—

TIM: Then 'tis time ye begun. We'll pretend you're me young nephew Rory, run away to work on the railroad.

RORY: And how would I be your nephew Rory with me long white beard?

TIM: That's easy. I've a razor right here in me pocket. Come now—it's off with your beard. . . .

RORY: Me beard? I'll die first.

TIM: 'Tis the only way of it. Come—no use to struggle!

RORY: Help! Help! Helllllppppp!
(*Music, up and under.*)

TIM: So I shaved the O'Halloran leprechaun as best I could by the light of the moon and took him back to the construction camp. Next day I fitted him out in some old duds so that he looked like a boy. Well, it wasn't exactly a boy he looked, but it was more a boy than anything else. After a breakfast, I went with him to see McCann, the foreman.

(*Music out.*)

McCANN: Well? What is it, O'Halloran?

TIM: 'Tis about me nephew here, him that's run away from home to work on the railroads. . . .

McCANN: This one?

TIM: Aye. Can you sign him on as water boy?

McCANN: Will he work?

TIM: I'll see to it.

McCANN: All right. Start him today.
(*Music, up and under.*)

TIM: With that me troubles began, and small wonder me hair did not turn gray overnight. 'Twas a fortunate thing St. Patrick had left him no great powers but at that he had enough to put the jumpin' rheumatism on Shaun Kelley for two whole days. It wasn't until I threatened to keep him from usin' my razor that he sobered up and began to behave. As for meself, me savin's grew and I almost became known as a steady man. Almost—until one fine sunny mornin'—

(*Music out.*)

RORY: Ohhh! Oh, me achin' back. Carryin' thim heavy water buckets has done me in. And now it'll be worse than ever.

TIM: Why worse than ever?

RORY: Because those fools of surveyors have laid the line where there's hidden springs of water—and when we start diggin' there'll be the devil to pay—

TIM: How do you know there's springs there?

RORY: And why wouldn't I know it? Me that can hear the waters run underground with me pointy ears?

TIM: You're certain?

RORY: Of course I'm certain. What sort of creature do ye take me for? Hey, where are ye goin'?

TIM: To see the foreman. And you'd better be right about thim springs or I'll take a strap to ye. . . .

(*Music.*)

TIM: 'Tis my contention, Mister McCann, there is springs of water on the line and it's trouble we'll be havin'.

McCANN: How would ye know?

About the Author



When Stephen Vincent Benet died nine years ago at 44, he left behind him poems, stories, and plays that have become part of our literary heritage. *John Brown's Body* won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1928 and estab-

lished Benet as the "poet of America's heroic history." His famous short story "The Devil and Daniel Webster" has been made into an opera, a motion picture, and dramatized for radio. "O'Halloran's Luck" was recently dramatized for NBC's radio program *Short Story*. Benet's brother, William Rose, was also a famous writer; he died last year. His sister, Laura, and wife, Rosemary Carr, are both writers.

TIM: I—I've seen similar things in Clonmelly. 'Tis the formation of the soil that tells me—also the ache in me foot bone.

McCANN: And what would ye have us do?

TIM: If ye'd alter the line a half mile west you'd have a firm roadbed.

McCANN: O'Halloran—if ye come to me with any more nonsense I'll alter your head—

(*Sound of door opening.*)

HENDRIX: What's going on in here, McCann?

McCANN: Oh, good mornin' to ye, Mr. Hendrix. This fool of a tarrier claims there's springs in the roadbed. He wants us to alter the line. Did ye ever hear such nonsense?

HENDRIX: You—what's your name?

TIM: O'Halloran, sir.

HENDRIX: Do you know who I am?

TIM: Yessir. Mr. Hendrix, the construction supervisor.

HENDRIX: That's right. And I've had men surveying that roadbed for a month. Now you come along and tell me it has springs under it. Can you prove it?

TIM: No, sir.

McCANN: He says he can feel it in his bones.

HENDRIX: Well, that's a new approach. All right, O'Halloran, get out of here—and don't come back.

(*Music up and under. Sound of drill.*)

McCANN: Well, O'Halloran—where are your springs?

TIM: Me bones must have given me misinformation—

McCANN: All right, you men—what's stopping you up there? Come down on the drill—

(*Sound of drill. Then shouts. Sound of rush of geyser.*)

McCANN: We've struck water. The roadbed is caving in! Run for your lives!

(*Rumble as the geyser comes in. Music, fading to the sound of a door opening.*)

TIM: You sent for me, Mr. Hendrix?

HENDRIX: Yes. Come in, O'Halloran.

TIM: Thank you.

HENDRIX: O'Halloran, if we'd listened to you we'd have saved a small fortune.

TIM: Yessir.

HENDRIX: Do you think you can tell us next time when we're heading for trouble?

TIM: I could try, sir.

HENDRIX: All right. I'm giving you a special job. From now on, you'll accompany the surveying team. I'll be keeping an eye on you. Do a good job and I'll see to it you get ahead.

TIM: Yessir. Thank you, sir.

(*Music up and under.*)

TIM: A man could rise rapidly in those days once he had a start. And it wasn't long before I had a hundred men under me and more responsibility than ever in me life. But I had to take the bitter with the sweet—for one day there came a letter for me postmarked from Boston—

(*Music out.*)

CHARLIE: Dear Tim O'Halloran. No doubt ye've been wonderin' why me daughter Kitty hasn't written to ye of late. 'Tis because she has been married to Everett O'Toole, a prominent conductor on the horse cars. I saw fit to destroy your last letter to her, not wantin' to cause any misunderstanding. I would recommend ye not to write in the future as her husband don't want her gettin' letters of affection from a laborin' man like yerself. With best wishes, Charlie Malone.

(*Music up and under.*)

TIM: What was I to do? The black fit came upon me as it does to the Irish.
(*Music fades out.*)

TIM: Where did you come from, Rory?

RORY: I followed ye. My, yer lookin' like ye've just had bad news.

TIM: That I have. Read this.

(*Sound of rattle of paper.*)

RORY: Well, well. Here let me pass me hand over that letter once more. Why—'tis a forgery.

TIM: What are ye sayin', little man? RORY: I'm sayin' this letter contains lies. I kin tell by the feel of it.

TIM: I don't believe ye.

RORY: If it is or it isn't—what sort of man would let a cold letter keep him from seein' his true love?

TIM: But she's married.

RORY: I misdoubt it, and I can prove

it. Did she send back her half of the sixpence you broke with her? Well, now? Did she?

TIM: By the piper, little man—if you're right. Come along—

RORY: Where to now?

TIM: Back to Boston—for a new suit of clothes and a wife—he she mine or someone else's.

(*Music up and under.*)

TIM: It was laborer Tim O'Halloran that had come to the West but it was railroadman Tim O'Halloran that rode back in the cars like a gentleman with a free pass in his pocket and the promise of a job on the railroad that was fitting a married man. The leprechaun, I might say, gave me a bit of trouble in the cars, particularly when he bit the fat lady, but what with givin' him peanuts all the way, I managed to keep him quiet. When we reached Boston I gave him some money to amuse himself and went to see Kitty Malone—

(*Music out. Sound of door bell, door opening.*)

KITTY: Tim! Tim, they told me you were dead on the plains of the West.

TIM: They did, eh? Well, they lied to ye for I am not dead, as you can plainly see.

O'TOOLE: And a great pity it is. But a bad penny always turns up.

TIM: Who is this with the brass buttons and the brassy manner?

O'TOOLE: Everett O'Toole, by your leave—and I'll have ye know we are betrothed to be wed.

TIM: Betrothed or not, ye son of iniquity, I have but one question to put to you. Will ye stand or will you run?

O'TOOLE: I'll stand as we stood at Boyne Water—and whose backs did we see that day?

TIM: I'll give you a tune to match that. Who fears to speak of ninety-eight—

O'TOOLE: If it's fisticuffs ye want, there's a beginning for ye—

(*Sound of striking a blow.*)

TIM: Your hand is hard. Let's see it your chin is as solid.

(*Sound of another blow.*)

O'TOOLE: Well, ye've asked for it now.

(*Sound of exchanged blows.*)

KITTY: Stop it! Stop it, do ye hear?

CHARLIE: Here, here, enough of this! Stop or I'll call for the police!

(*Panting as they stop the fighting.*)

CHARLIE: Have ye no shame, fighting like a pair of schoolboys in front of me own daughter?

KITTY: Have you no shame, father, tellin' me that me Tim was dead upon the plains?

CHARLIE: Well, now—

KITTY: Don't deny it. Ye told me his

heart has been pierced by the Indians. . . .

CHARLIE: Well, now, I may have exaggerated his condition a bit, but 'twas for your own good. What ye'd be wantin' with a man who can't earn his own keep—

TIM: Can't earn me own keep, is it? I'll have ye know I've risen to foreman—and even better when I return—

CHARLIE: Is that the truth—

O'TOOLE: Ye can't trust an O'Halloran. . . .

TIM: Quiet, you, or I'll bash ye again. Here is me letter of recommendation from the railroad, Charlie Malone—

(*Music up and under.*)

TIM: The Orangeman went—not willing, to be sure, but as a whipped man must—and I spent the better part of the evenin' recounting me adventures to Kitty Malone. By dinner time I had worked up to the subject of marriage and I was about to pop the question proper—

(*Music out.*)

TIM: 'Tis a hard life I'm offering ye, Kitty. The West is a wild place.

KITTY: I've never shirked from hard work or rough ways.

TIM: Then, will I understand that ye'll be me wife?

KITTY: Well, I've kept your sixpence all these months—but—

(*Sound: door bell.*)

KITTY: Now who could that be—?

TIM: Let me answer it—

(*Sound: door opens.*)

RORY: Well, Uncle Tim—I've come for the weddin'—

TIM: Didn't I tell ye to go off and amuse yourself?

RORY: I've amused meself. Now I'm hungry.

KITTY: Who is it, Tim?

TIM: Well—to be truthful, this is me young nephew Rory that lives with me?

KITTY: That lives with you? I didn't know you had a nephew.

TIM: Well, he isn't exactly me nephew—that is—he is and he isn't.

KITTY: That's strange—but you're welcome here. 'Tis I that will be your aunt—and proud to be so.

RORY: Well, that's good, for I'm thinkin' you'll make a good home for the three of us once you're used to me ways.

KITTY: The three of us? Tim—ye didn't tell me there was to be three of us.

TIM: Well—I'm afraid that must be the way of it, Kitty.

KITTY: Then I'll honor ye for it. We'll be glad to have ye with us, Rory O'Halloran.

RORY: Thank you kindly. 'Tis lucky you are, Tim O'Halloran, for if one of you had denied me, your luck would

have left you—but now it will stick to you for the rest of your lives. The spell is broken now and I'm beginning to feel like a Christian soul again. I'm free at last.

TIM: I don't understand ye.

RORY: Do ye not remember me rid-dle—when thou shall take me for what I am then shall I be one again.

TIM: Well, I'm glad for you if it makes you happy.

RORY: Well, goodbye both. And good luck to ye.

TIM: But man, dear, don't rush off like this. We'd be happy to have ye.

RORY: I know that and it warms me heart, but I'm a Christian soul now and I've work to do.

TIM: Well, if ye must leave that way, then at least let me throw a few drops of water on your head—for it doesn't befit a Christian soul like yourself to be chargin' about the world unbaptised. Lean over. (*Pause*) There. 'Tis not done with all the formalities, but I'll defend the intention.

RORY: I'm grateful to ye, Tim O'Halloran—and if ever ye need a favor remember this—O'Halloran's Luck will be standin' by.

(*Music up and under.*)

TIM: And with that he was gone somehow and I was alone with me intended wife. But the luck was upon me and I rose to be president of the railroad as you know. Like I said—they were strong men built the Big Roads in the early days and 'twas the Irish did it.

(*Music out.*)

TIM: Now, Patrick, me own grandson—what have ye to say for yourself?

PAT: Well, it's an interesting folk tale, grandfather, but . . .

TIM: 'Twas told in the hopes that you'd have a bit of faith in the O'Halloran Luck, and go forth in the world to make your own way.

PAT: I just can't see it that way, sir. I'm sorry.

TIM: 'Tis no matter. Well—I've done me best. The rest is up to yourself—and the O'Halloran Luck.

PAT: Goodbye, sir.

TIM: Goodbye.

(*Sound of door opening and closing.*)

MISS: How was it?

PAT: I think the old boy's losing his mind. He told me the most fantastic tale about a leprechaun—Well, goodbye, Miss Harper—

MISS: Oh, Mr. Murray—

PAT: Hmmm?

MISS: Did you lose this?

PAT: What's that?

MISS: I found it. I thought you might have dropped it when you came in—Here—it's a little shoe—with a silver buckle on it—

(*Music up and out.*)



Snug Harbor • A lithograph by Gordon Grant • Courtesy Associated American Artists



IN HIS poetry David Morton speaks of old ships and of the sea, of black skies on starry nights, of lonely hills and rain-soaked fields. These are things that leave their mark on the man who has contemplated them—whether he is a poet or a man of action. They set him aside from other men so that he walks as a stranger “through the crowded street.” In the two sonnets on this page, you see the mark that ships

and the men who sail them have made upon the poet.

David Morton is a Kentuckian, born in 1886. He was graduated from Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., in 1909. For the next six years he held various positions from reporter to editorial writer for the Associated Press and Louisville, Ky., newspapers. Then he turned to teaching. He taught English in the Louisville Boy's High School (1915-18) and Morristown (N. J.) High School (1918-24), sometimes coaching football on the side. From 1924 until he retired seven years ago, Mr. Morton was a professor of English at Amherst (Mass.) College.

David Morton's first book of poems, *Ships in Harbour*, was published in 1921. Since then he has published six more volumes of poetry—including *All in One Breath* (1939), *Angle of Earth and Sky* (1941) and *This Is for You* (1943). He is the author of a number of prose works and editor of several anthologies. And you will frequently find new poems by David Morton in current magazines.

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OLD SHIPS

By DAVID MORTON

Old Ships

There is a memory stays upon old ships,
A weightless cargo in the musty hold,—
Of bright lagoons and prow-caressing lips,
Of stormy midnights,—and a tale untold.
They have remembered islands in the dawn,
And windy capes that tried their slender spars,
The tortuous channels where their keels have gone,
And calm, blue nights of stillness and the stars.

Ah, never think that ships forget a shore,
Or bitter seas, or winds that made them wise;
There is a dream upon them, evermore;—
And there be some who say that sunk ships rise
To seek familiar harbours in the night,
Blowing in mists, their spectral sails like light.

Mariners

Men who have loved the ships they took to sea,
Loved the tall masts, the prows that creamed with foam,
Have learned, deep in their hearts, how it might be
That there is yet a dearer thing than home.
The decks they walk, the rigging in the stars,
The clean boards counted in the watch they keep,—
These, and the sunlight on the slippery spars,
Will haunt them ever, waking and asleep.

Ashore, these men are not as other men;
They walk as strangers through the crowded street,
Or, brooding by their fires, they hear again
The drone astern, where gurgling waters meet,
Or see again a wide and blue lagoon,
And a lone ship that rides there with the moon.



Illustrations by Edward Shenton.

MAN of the Family

BY RALPH MOODY

Author of *Little Britches*, 1950 Best Seller

Book excerpt — autobiography: *The adventure of growing up in Colorado cattle country—a warm and humorous story of family life*

FATHER died in the early spring of 1910, and our relatives back in New England wanted Mother to parcel us out among them. When the doctor found that Mother had got blood-poisoning in her hand and would have to go away for a month, Cousin Phil wanted her to send us East right then, but Mother said, "No, Phil. I am sure Charlie would want us all to be together."

Grace was nearly two years older than I, and we were standing with the younger children when Mother spoke. We didn't look at each other, but Grace's hand found mine and squeezed it. Then Mother turned to me and said, "Ralph, you are my man now; I shall depend on you."

A Man Plans

It didn't seem to me that the man of a family should go to school. I wanted to work, as Father had, and make a living for the family. My brother Philip was eight, and Hal was five, so they were too young to get jobs. Muriel was between Philip and me, but she was a girl.

We had brought our horse, Lady, and the spring wagon with us when we moved to Littleton from the ranch. With them, I was sure I could find plenty of ways to make us a living.

The morning after Mother came home, I planned that I'd go up to see Mr. Cooper right after breakfast. He had a big cattle and alfalfa ranch up

near the mountains west of Littleton. I had worked for him the whole summer before. He had paid me twenty dollars a month, and had told me he'd give me work whenever Father didn't need me.

Mother was lying on the horsehair couch in the parlor when I came downstairs. She called me in and, before I had a chance to tell her what I'd been planning, she said, "Gracie will have to stay home with me for a few days. After you bring the milk from Lenheart's, I would like you to dress her one of the fattest hens. You'll have to hurry right along or you'll be late for school."

I wanted to tell Mother right then about not being able to go to school any more, but she called to Grace and started telling her what blouse Philip should wear and which hair ribbon to put on Muriel. It seemed as though it would be better to talk to her when there wasn't quite so much of a hurry.

While we were eating breakfast I got an idea for stalling off going to school. Philip always liked to feed the hens. And twice before he had left the chicken house door open and let some of the hens out. I thought he might do it again, so I asked him to feed them while I was gone for the milk. It worked all right. When I came riding Lady back down the lane from the highroad, I could see half a dozen of our hens out in the side yard. Philip and Muriel were chasing them around with sticks, and our black collie dog, King, had Benjamin, Mother's big Buff Orpington rooster, treed on top of the privy. It was after half past eight before I got them all back into the henyard. Then I grabbed the first one I could get my

hands on, and chopped her head off before Mother could send word for me to let it go till after school.

I picked every last, single pinfeather, and it took until nearly quarter of ten, but I don't think I fooled Mother very much. When I took the hen in, she called me and said, "Here's a late excuse to give the principal. Hereafter you must feed the hens yourself. We can't let anything interfere with your schooling."

All the time I was picking the hen, I had been making up arguments. Not that any of us could argue with Mother; we couldn't. Father never had either. What he always did was to talk about something else till Mother changed her own mind. I thought I might be able to do the same thing on the school business, so when I took the hen in, I said, "Do you remember how many hens we had when we moved down here from the ranch? It seems to me there aren't many left. I counted them now, and there are only thirty-seven and the rooster."

Mother pinched her upper lip two or three times with her thumb and finger. "Now . . . let . . . me . . . see," she said. "We ate two or three during the early spring. . . . Thirty-seven sounds about right, I think."

Roundabout Approach

Of course, I knew thirty-seven was right. I just wanted Mother to think about it. Then I said, "Well, if we keep on just eating hens they won't last us till school vacation. I thought maybe I ought to go up and see Mr. Cooper this morning about getting my job back,

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then we'd have a payday by the time the hens were all eaten up."

Mother didn't say anything for a minute. She just reached out and took hold of my hand. She said, "Father worked himself to death taking care of us, just because he never had proper schooling. I don't want you to do it." Then she swallowed and tried to smile. "It must be twelve or fifteen miles up to Cooper's mountain ranch. You'd never be able to go back and forth every day, and I must have a man at home; Philip isn't old enough yet. Now take your note to the principal and tell him you won't have to be late any more."

I hadn't thought about Mother needing me at home, and it really was too far to ride up to the mountain ranch and back every day, so I took the note and went to school.

I Go Into Business

That was my first day of school since the middle of March. The month Mother had been ill and away, we kids had stayed with neighbors. Just taking care of Lady and the hens hadn't been enough to keep me busy, so, in April, I'd found myself a few jobs on market gardens. The farmers were setting out cabbage plants and they paid boys five cents an hour to help them. I knew I could never make a living for the family at five cents an hour and go to school at the same time. All through classes I tried to think of ways I could find a better job, and as soon as school let out, I went down to see Harry Nutting.

Mr. Nutting owned the Littleton Lumber and Fuel Company and just about the nicest pair of driving horses I'd ever seen. He didn't load any lumber himself, or shovel any coal, and he wore good clothes all the time. And though he was always working, it was with his head instead of his hands.

When I went into his office that afternoon, Mr. Nutting came over to the counter, and said, "Hello, what you doing these days to make a dollar?"

"There isn't much now except planting cabbages," I told him.

"Good job," he said. "Used to do a lot of it when I was your age. What they paying you?"

"Five cents an hour," I said. "I can get in about three hours after school."

"Made any promises ahead?" he asked.

I just shook my head.

"I might be able to beat that figure a bit," he told me. "That lawn of ours up at the house is full of dandelions. I'd like to get them out before they go to seed, but I don't want somebody to go up there and pull the tops off. I want the roots dug out clear to the bottoms. If you think you can get it done before

they blossom, I'll pay you a dime an hour. What do you say?"

I said, "Thank you, and I'll get it done all right."

Mr. Nutting stuck his arm across the counter to shake hands, and said, "Okay, fella, it's a deal." Then he went back into his private office.

There'd been a lot of dandelions to start with, and I knew I'd done a good job on digging out all the roots, but when I went home the second Friday night, there was only a little patch left in one corner of the lawn. I'd put in thirty-three hours altogether, and it looked as though two more would finish it. It seemed to me that the job was worth four dollars, and that Mr. Nutting was rich, and that it wouldn't be cheating him any to stretch it out for another seven hours. So I got there at a little before half past seven Saturday morning, and was digging in the last corner of the lawn when Mr. Nutting drove down to his lumberyard at eight o'clock.

As he came out the driveway, he stopped his team just long enough to say, "Going to be a hot one today, isn't it? Looks as though you'll just beat the seeds by a smell." Then he drove off down Broadway.

I straightened up on my knees and watched him go; sitting up there on the high carriage seat, with the reins tight on the tall bay trotters, and his hat tipped a little bit to one side.

"This job's worth four dollars," I told

myself. "He's rich; what difference does it make to him if it costs him an extra fifty cents?"

I was still saying it to myself as I went back to digging dandelions. And I spent at least five minutes on each root. I might have kept right on doing it if Mrs. Nutting hadn't come out to the front porch a half hour later. Even then, if she'd asked how much longer it was going to take me, I might have said, "Till three o'clock." But she didn't. She said, "Can't you ever let up for a minute? Now, you come in and cool off while I fix you a cold glass of lemonade. It's too hot to be working so hard out here in the sun."

I felt so guilty I couldn't look up at her, so I kept my head down and said, "I'm not hot, and I'll be all through in another hour anyway."

"Oh, fiddle!" she said. "You can't help being hot with that sun pouring down. You come in where it's cool till I fix you a nice cold drink."

I just shook my head and kept digging at the dandelions.

She went back into the house and, after a little while, she brought me out a tall glass of lemonade with chunks of ice in it. I didn't want it, and I didn't want to talk, but she made me. As I went up the steps to take the glass, she said, "What's the matter? Where's that grin of yours this morning? Why, I never saw you sulky before."

I tried to grin, and I told her I didn't



I walked Lady up to the trail boss, but slowly so as not to spook the lead steer.



"Your stock will stampede if you don't get out before the train comes," I yelled.

mean to be sulky, but I didn't drink the lemonade till she'd gone into the house again. And I did finish the lawn before ten o'clock.

I Get Some Advice

When I went down to the lumberyard for my pay, Mr. Nutting's carriage was standing out in front of his office. He wasn't there, but I could hear his voice back in the yard, so I stood by the gate to wait till he was through. He wasn't scolding, but his voice was clear, and I couldn't help hearing him. "You'll have to unload down to here and take those crooked ones off," he said. "The whole order was for number one stuff."

The yardman must have said something back to him, but I didn't hear it. Fred Cobb came along just then and asked me if Harry was around. I didn't have to answer him, though. Everybody in Littleton knew Harry Nutting's voice, and it came sharp from the back of the yard: "I don't care what pile you took them off; they're not number one stuff and I won't let them go." A minute later, he came walking up toward the gate.

He saw me standing there all right, because he winked at me, but he said, "Ha'ya, Fred! What's on your mind this morning?"

Mr. Cobb told him he wanted to put up a cattle shed fifty feet long and thirty feet wide, and asked what the lumber for it would cost. First, Mr. Nutting asked him some questions about the foundation, the kind of roof he wanted, and things like that. Then he took a steel square from the scale box, picked up a little piece of board, and began moving it from one set of marks

to another across the corner of the square. Half a dozen times he wrote figures on the board, then added them up, and said, "Two hundred and eighty-four dollars if you use number two fir—and that's what I'd advise you; let's say three hundred, including nails and hardware."

After Mr. Cobb decided that was the lowest price he could get, Mr. Nutting told him, "You understand, Fred, that's number two stuff and you'll do your own hauling. I've got to go to the siding now to look over a car of coal that's coming in, but if you're around town till noon, I'll make you up a set of plans for the carpenters to go by."

Then, as he walked toward his buggy, he said to me, "Well, you did a pretty good job up there. I looked it over last night. Will five dollars kill the bill?"

"No, sir," I told him, "it was ten cents an hour, and I only put in thirty-five hours, so it's three dollars and a half."

"Aw, go on!" he said, as he pulled a handful of coins from his pocket, "I figured it at five dollars before I spoke to you about doing it."

He picked out a five-dollar gold piece and passed it toward me, but I said, "No, our deal was for ten cents an hour."

Mr. Nutting had already started to put his foot up onto the carriage step, but he turned back to me, and said, "I usually figure what a job's worth before I tackle it. Didn't you figure that one?"

Before I even thought, I said, "Yes, sir."

"All right, what was the figure?" he asked me.

For a second or two I looked down at the carriage hub; then I looked up

at Mr. Nutting, and said, "Four dollars."

"That's the way to do business," he said, as he put the gold piece back and picked me out four cartwheels. "A businessman sets a price on the job, and a hired man lets somebody else set a price on his time. Next time, you set a price on the job." Then he stepped into the buggy, picked up the reins, and clucked to his team of bays.

I stood and watched as they went trotting off up Main Street, and I said to myself, "He's rich; and he ought to be rich, because he's smart and he's square. That's what I'm going to be. I'm going to have a business of my own, and set the price on what I sell. And I'm going to have the best pair of horses in town, and a big brick house with lawns, and a pretty wife." Then, as his team turned the corner at the depot, I thought, "And I'm going to give the man that buys from me his money's worth."

Watch Out for Cattle!

On my way to school the next Monday morning, I was trying to figure out some kind of business I could start around town. I was so busy thinking about it that I nearly got run over by half a dozen wild longhorn steers from a big herd that was being moved through town.

Littleton is on the east bank of the Platte River, just south of Denver. In the spring there were stockmen who used to drive their cattle and sheep north for summer pasturing, and in the fall they'd drive them south again. They'd follow the east bank of the river to Littleton, then cross the bridge so as to drive between Denver and the mountains. Sometimes there'd be several hundred cattle in a herd, and some of the sheep flocks went over a thousand.

All the stockmen hated Littleton. They had to drive right down the highroad, nearly to the main street, then turn west across the River Road bridge by the fairgrounds. The stock never would stay on the highroad, but kept turning off both ways at all the cross streets, or running into unfenced yards and vacant lots. It would take nearly a whole day to get some of the big herds through, and you could hear the cowboys hooting and swearing all over town.

The schoolhouse was across the highroad from where we lived, and about a quarter of a mile nearer the main street. I knew that if I hurried I'd have plenty of time to get across the road and to the schoolhouse before the main part of the herd caught up to me. So I just fooled along till it was too late. Then I went home and told Mother that the only way I could cross the highroad was to

ride Lady; it would be too dangerous to try it afout.

Of course, by that time she could hear the cowboys hooting, but I think she knew I could have got there all right if I'd wanted to. She buttoned her lips up tight for a couple of seconds, and her voice was sort of sharp when she said, "Ralph, you *are* going right now. I won't have any more dawdling."

I had the bridle on Lady in two minutes, whistled for King, and went streaking up the lane bareback—but not to the schoolhouse. From working at Cooper's ranch, I knew that the drive foreman would be somewhere near the herd point; probably at the turnoff near Main Street. As soon as I got past the corner I swung Lady down toward the river, and turned into the footpath along the mill ditch. I had my head right up behind her ears, and we went through the willows so fast they never even had a chance to slap me. We came out onto the River Road just as the foreman turned the lead steer down toward the bridge. I knew he was the drive foreman because he was talking to the sheriff, and they seemed to be friendly.

Don't "Spook" the Steer

I walked Lady up toward them slowly so as not to spook the lead steer, but I didn't want them to think I was trying to listen to what they were saying. And, anyway, I thought I'd better wait a little while. The cattle at the front end were following the point rider pretty well, and the outriders were pushing them up easy from the corners of the first cross street.

The sheriff knew me because I had done some trick riding with Hi Beckman at the fairgrounds on Labor Day. Hi was Mr. Cooper's range foreman, and the sheriff was his friend. Hi was the best brone buster anywhere around, and everybody was his friend. I'd only been sitting there on Lady a couple of minutes when the sheriff saw me and called, "Come on over here. This here's Sid Gibson."

I rode Lady over beside the sheriff, and he said, "Why ain't you in school today? Hope you ain't goin' to have to quit."

Before I could answer him, I heard one of the cowboys on the next corner start hooting. When I looked up I saw a dozen steers dodge past him. They went tearing off on a cross street with their tails sticking straight up. I hissed to King, kicked my heels into Lady's ribs, and we went tearing up the alley behind the livery stable. King got to the corner before the steers did, and Lady and I were right behind him.

After we'd driven them back to the

highroad, I followed along to where I'd left the foreman and the sheriff. Before I even got close to them, I could hear the foreman swearing like a mule skinner. "A man's got to carry half a dozen extra hands to wrangle a herd through the town. Hundred dollars all shot!"

Ever since the steers had nearly run over me I'd been thinking I might be able to get a stockman to pay me five dollars to help him through town.

There were five streets that crossed the highroad from the south edge of town to the River Road. A fellow could stay out of school any time he had an excuse—and a job was an excuse. I knew I wouldn't have any trouble getting ten boys to stay out of school and watch cross streets for twenty-five cents a day. And if I was lucky I could hire ten who rode horses to school.

As soon as Sid said "hundred dollars," I crowded Lady right up close to his horse, and hollered, "I'll bet I know how to save you ninety dollars."

Sid shoved his hat back on his head and grinned at me. "All right, cow poke," he said, "fire away." So I told him what I'd figured out about a boy on horseback to guard each side of the crossings.

It's a Deal

As soon as I'd finished, he stuck out his hand to shake with me, and said, "You've made yourself a deal. I'll be drivin' back this-a-way 'bout October tenth. Keep your nose clean."

I turned Lady and started for school. Of course, I couldn't go on the high-

road because it was full of cattle. So I turned up Main Street and swung back south past the blacksmith shop. I let Lady go in an easy lope. There wasn't any hurry about getting to school now, and I felt as though I hadn't done a very good job. Sid might forget all about our deal before October. And then, too, how was I to know just what day to be ready for him?

We were nearly at the schoolhouse before I figured it out. Then I wheeled Lady around and raced her for the post office. I didn't have a single penny with me, but the lady that ran the office knew me and let me have a postal card on credit till after school. I took it over to the writing desk and put my own name and our box number on it, turned it over and printed on the other side:

"I will go through Littleton Oct. _____, 1910, and will pay you \$10 for ten boys on horseback to help me, yours truly _____"

sine here

Sid and Sheriff McGrath were still at the mill corner when we got back there, and Sid was swearing worse than ever. There were cattle in every yard as far as I could see, and I could hear cowboys hooting from clear up near the middle of town. I rode Lady up close to Sid, and held the postal card out—with the address side up. "If you'd mail this a couple of days before you get here, I'd know just when to have the boys ready," I said. Then I kicked my heels into Lady, and went to school as fast as I could get there.



I had done some trick riding at the fairgrounds with Hi, best brone buster around.

At noon, Sid's outfit was still trying to get their cattle wrangled through town. It would have been too dangerous for Muriel and Philip to cross the highroad, so I went home on Lady and brought lunch for all three of us. That gave me a good chance to talk to the other kids who rode horses, and to find out if I could get enough of them to help me.

Too Many Cowhands

What I found was that my trouble was the other way. All the boys—and even some of the girls—who rode or drove to school wanted to work for me, and there were too many of them. Dutch Gunther, Johnnie Maloney, and Ace Alexander were my best friends, and each one of them wanted me to say he could be my foreman. Ace and Johnnie lived right in town, and didn't even have horses, but Dutch's father owned the express line and had half a dozen. I really wanted it to be Dutch, but I didn't want to make Ace or Johnnie mad at me, so I said it would be whoever could get a horse and plow to help me plow our garden.

I let Lady walk all the way home after school while I tried to figure out how I'd tell Mother. Of course, I knew it would be best to tell her before she found it out from somebody else.

The principal said I'd have to bring an excuse for being so late to school, but I hated to ask Mother to write it. She was lying on the parlor sofa when I got home for lunch. First I told her that Dutch was going to bring a horse

and plow to help me with the garden. After that, I said it was lucky no little children had been hurt with a herd of wild steers running all over town.

Mother couldn't always tell just what I was thinking, the way Father used to, but she usually knew when I was holding something back. She reached out and took hold of my hand. "What is it you want to tell me?" she asked.

It wasn't so much what I wanted to tell her as it was what I didn't want to tell her, so I said, "I ran into Sheriff McGrath on my way to school. . . ."

Before I could say another word, Mother's face looked almost as if she were going to cry, and she said, "Ralph! What have you done now?"

"Nothing," I said. "Anyway, nothing bad. He wasn't looking for me; he was just talking to the foreman of the cattle drive. He's a nice man; his name's Sid Gibson. He's a friend of Hi's, and wants me to . . ."

By that time the two little frown marks between Mother's eyes were getting real deep, and she had her mouth squeezed up tight. "Ralph, you are not going away from home to work," she said. "This Mr. Gibson may be a very fine man, but I don't know anything about him. And, furthermore, you are going to school."

"He didn't even ask me to," I said, "because I told the sheriff you needed me at home."

The frown marks went away then, so I said, "They were just talking about how hard it is to keep the cattle on the highroad. Mr. Gibson said he had to

hire half a dozen extra hands just to drive through Littleton, and it cost him an extra hundred dollars. He said he'd pay me ten dollars if I'd get ten boys on horseback to watch the cross streets for him when he comes back next fall."

Mother glanced up at my face and half smiled. "Are you sure he made you that offer? It rather sounds to me like one of your own schemes."

Then, of course, I had to tell her all about it. She didn't say a word for a couple of minutes, but just lay there looking at my hand and rubbing it. Then she said, "Ten dollars does seem like a lot of money to charge him . . . when you're planning to pay the other boys so little . . . but then . . . you will be saving him ninety dollars, won't you?"

I just said, "Yes, ma'am," and she rubbed my hand some more.

In another minute or two, Mother looked up and said, "Son, don't try to be a man too soon. I want you to be my boy for a time yet."

Lady vs. Cow

That Friday when I got home from school, Carl Henry's chestnuts were tied to one of the cottonwood trees in front of our house. Carl had been one of our neighbors when we lived on the ranch and was one of the best friends we ever had.

Mother and Carl were talking in the parlor, but they stopped when I came in. I could tell something was wrong from the look on Mother's face and the way Carl said, "Hi."

Mother's voice was real quiet when she said, "Draw up a chair, Son. Carl and I have just been talking about his lovely Jersey cows. He tells me that one of them would give us all the milk and butter we would need for ourselves, and that we'd probably have some to sell. Don't you think it would help out a lot on our food bills? You see, I could make cottage cheese and Injun pudding, and lots of things we haven't been able to have since we left the ranch. You could take care of a cow all right, couldn't you?"

Of course I could take care of a cow all right, and Mother knew it. I'd herded cows for the past three summers, and had always helped Father milk. Before I even had a chance to say so, Carl began telling me how I could picket her out on vacant lots and along the river, so we wouldn't have to buy her any hay.

"There's plenty of tall grass and sweet clover growing along the river," I said. "I can make it into hay with sickle, and haul it home with Lady and the spring wagon. Before fall I could get enough to last a cow and Lady all winter."

Mother cleared her throat, then



I was scared silly; it was my first chance to be a drover and I wanted to do well.

leaned over and put her hand on my knee. "Carl and I have been talking about trading Lady for the cow," she said. "You see, Son, keeping Lady would be quite an expense to us. She should have grain every day, and Carl says the cow won't need any during the summer."

It seemed as if the bottom had dropped out of everything. A lump as big as a cantaloupe came up into my throat and I couldn't say a word. I didn't cry, but my eyes stung. And I couldn't look at either Mother or Carl.

"Maybe this would work out better," Carl said. "I'm going to need an extra team during haying, but how would it be if you just loaned me your mare and I loaned you my cow?"

I had been so scared of losing Lady forever, that anything else sounded good to me. I stuck my hand out toward Carl and said—as well as I could around the lump—"It's a deal." Then I ran out to the barn as fast as I could.

Before Carl was ready to go, I had given Lady a quart of the hens' cracked corn, and had curried and brushed her till she was as smooth and shiny as velvet. Then I went over to see Dutch; I didn't want to be there when Carl took Lady away.

"A Herd Moves North"

With our not having Lady any more, I'd planned a lot on borrowing Gunther's old mare. We really needed a horse. Dutch wouldn't mind lending Nellie to me, and I knew Mother couldn't walk clear to the village and back. And I couldn't help cattle drivers through town on foot. It must have been an hour after I went up to bed before I got the horse business figured out.

Early the next morning, I stopped by Gunther's house. Dutch was out feeding his rabbits, and after I'd let him show me his new doe, I said, "I've got to get half a ton of coal this morning, Dutch, and Mother has to go down to see Mr. Shellabarger. She isn't strong enough to walk that far yet, so I'll give you a quarter when I earn one if you'll rent me a horse. You know, we've still got Lady's harness and our spring wagon; all I'll need is old Nellie."

"What's the matter," Dutch asked, "you gone loco? You can borrow Nellie any time you want her; I don't want any quarter."

"No, Dutch," I told him, "we don't borrow horses from our neighbors. . . . Mother won't let me . . . but I do need Nellie. I'm going to make plenty of money helping drovers; I wish you'd rent her to me."

I hadn't been home ten minutes before Dutch rode down our lane on old Nellie. I helped him put Lady's harness

on her and hitch her to our spring wagon. While he drove around to the front gate, I went in to get Mother.

Mother hadn't seen Dutch bring Nellie. When I opened the front door to take her out to the wagon, she stopped with her lips pinched tightly together. "Son," she said, "I thought we settled this matter of borrowing the Gunthers' horse."

"I didn't borrow her," I said, "I rented her . . . on credit. I'm going to give Dutch a quarter as soon as I can earn one."

"Very well," Mother said. "If you have made your arrangements this time, I shall let you use her, but you are not to either borrow or hire the Gunthers' horse again. You will have to learn to get along without a horse. Now, we must hurry right along so you boys won't be late for school."

We had to tell her that we were already late and a few more minutes wouldn't make any difference. It was a lucky thing we did, too. Coming back from town, when we were going past her house, Mrs. Roberts came out and hoo-hooed to us. She said a Mr. Larson had called half an hour ago from Wolhurst and said to tell me that a herd of cattle was moving north on the high-road.

Off on a Bronco

At first I didn't know what to do. If it was half an hour ago, they'd already be close to town, and I didn't even have a horse. I was so excited I forgot all about thanking Mrs. Roberts, but piled

out over the wheel and yelled at Dutch to hurry and get Mother home. Then, as I ran toward the highroad, I put my fingers between my teeth and whistled as loud as I could for King. Then I hollered back over my shoulder for Dutch to get the fellows together while I went out to make a deal with the drover.

I hadn't run a hundred yards before I started to get winded and knew I'd have to get a horse somewhere. The first one I thought of was Eva Snow's Pinto. The Snow girls always drove him to school with their old top buggy, but I'd never seen anybody try to ride him. I didn't think about it then. I just thought that Eva'd be glad to rent him to me for a quarter, so I ran toward the schoolhouse.

King caught up to me just as I got to the schoolhouse, and I forgot to tell him to stay out when I ducked through the back door and down our own coat corridor. Eva's seat was right by the corridor door. I was all out of breath, and I didn't think to ask Mrs. Upson, the teacher, if I could whisper. I just gulped at Eva, "I'll give you a quarter for Pinto. The cattle are coming." She started to whisper something back at me, but it wasn't "No," so I didn't stop to listen. Mrs. Upson called, "Ralph!!!" when I was going out through the doorway, but I didn't stop to see what she wanted, either.

Pinto was out of the buggy shafts, but he still had his harness on. I ripped it off him, untied his halter rope, and pulled him up close to the feed rack. Father had always told me to move slow



My skates didn't work the way I expected them to—both flew out from under me.

around strange horses, but I wasn't thinking about that. When I piled onto Pinto's back from the feed rack, he went crazy. I stayed on till we were out in the middle of the schoolyard, then I went flying, but I held onto the halter rope. By that time, Johnnie Maloney and Terry Bowles had come running out of the schoolhouse. They held him against the back of somebody's wagon till I got on again. That time Pinto crow-hopped clear out onto the highroad, but he didn't buck any more. I smacked him with the end of the halter rope, and we took off toward Wolhurst as if King was a wolf that had him by the tail.

I met the point rider of the herd about halfway between Littleton and Wolhurst. I could tell right away that he wasn't the drive boss. He didn't seem to know just what he ought to be doing, and scrawny-looking, long-horned cattle were spread out all along the railroad tracks.

The Colorado and Southern and the D. & R. G. railroads ran south from Littleton beside the highroad. Most of the way, there was a barbed-wire fence between the road and the tracks, but in some places it wasn't very good. Just beyond where I met the point rider, both railroad tracks cut through a high hill, but the highroad curved out around it.

Somewhere south of the hill, the herd had broken down the fence, and I could see cattle coming through both railroad cuts. Three or four riders were in among them, swinging ropes and swearing so loud I could hear them above the bawling of the cattle. It was easy to see that they were trying to turn the herd back, but they weren't having any luck. I wasn't having much more with Pinto. He didn't like having me ride him, and bareback, with only a halter, I couldn't hold him very well. He swung around and around in a circle, and tried to walk on his hind legs when I was asking the point rider where his boss was.

"Darned if I know," he yelled back, "but I wisht that him and this whole outfit was in hell."

"Head Them Off"

I knew they might be, and pretty soon, too, if they didn't get those cattle out of the D. & R. G. cut, so I whacked Pinto again and ran him back to where I'd seen another break in the fence. The tracks were graded up nearly twenty feet high after they came out of the cut. I kicked Pinto through the hole in the fence, then raced him along the bottom of the grade toward the hill. As we came up over the bank, a man I knew was the trail boss yelled at me,

"Get outa here with that dog before you stampede the stock."

I was so excited I yelled right back at him, "You won't have any stock to stampede if you don't get them out of there before the D. & R. G. mail train comes through. It's about due." I rode right on toward him, and he didn't tell me to go back again.

Ever since I'd seen the cattle in the cut and thought about the mail train being due, I'd been trying to think what Hi or Father would do if they had cattle in that kind of fix. By the time I rode up to the trail boss, I knew; so I hollered, "Don't try to turn these back, and never mind the other track. Send your men over the hill to cut 'em off at the end, then drive 'em out this way."

He started bellowing like a bull in a cattle chute, and waving his arm for the men to follow him up over the hill. I didn't go with them, but rode Pinto up onto the track where King and I could head the cattle down off the grade as they came through the cut. One breachy old heifer dodged past us and went galloping along right between the rails, but I didn't have time to go after her. Less than two minutes after the drivers brought the last cattle out of the cut, I saw the mail train coming. I would have had time to ride Pinto to the end of the grade, but I was a bit scared I wouldn't, and slid him down over the cinder bank. After I saw the train I forgot all about the old cow that had dodged past me, so I didn't see when it hit her. It must have knocked her twenty rods; about all we ever found was hoofs and horns.

A Tough Proposition

While the train was going by I rode over to the trail boss. He looked as if he'd just come through a dip tank. He had his head down, and sweat was pouring off both him and his horse. Pinto wasn't acting up so much, either. He was getting a little more used to me, and he was probably a bit tired, too. All of us must have looked sort of beaten up. I didn't know it then, but the side of my face got a little bit skinned when Pinto tossed me off in the schoolyard, and some blood had run down my neck and onto the collar of my blue shirt.

I thought I'd better make my deal right away, before the boss got busy with the cattle again, so I said, "I think you'll have a lot more trouble when you get this herd into Littleton. . . ."

That's as far as I got for two or three minutes, but I don't think it would be right to put down what he said about those cattle, or fences, or the railroad, or Littleton. I waited till he'd cooled off some, then I told him about having ten boys on horseback, and that we'd see

his herd safe through town for ten dollars.

"It's a holdup," he hollered. Then he grinned at me, and said, "You didn't bust down that fence so's to get me into this mess, did you?"

"I never broke down any fence," I said. "You come back with me and I'll show you where all those posts are rotted off at the ground. There are a lot more holes between here and Littleton."

When I told him there were more holes he began to laugh to beat the band. He slapped his leg with his hand, and howled, "Darned if you ain't a salesman. Sure there ain't no bridges out between here and town?"

"No," I said, "there's only one bridge, but you'll have to look out for the loose planks near Lenheart's end of it. Some of them are pretty bad."

He waved to his men to start moving the cattle out of the C. & S. cut, then he said to me, "I reckon I already got ten dollars' worth of good outa you, but you ain't goin' to get it till your outfit sees me from here clean on through town."

I was already pulling Pinto around toward Littleton, but I hollered back to him, "Will I get it then?"

"You'll get it," he called, and I rode after the boys.

We had a dickens of a time. Some of the boys didn't know you have to move cattle easy, and wanted to play cowboy. And some of them just wanted to play. I had stopped by home and put Lady's bridle on Pinto so I could hold him, but he still didn't like me to ride him. He spooked and crow-hopped every chance he got, and sometimes I had about all I could do to stay on him. And he didn't know any more about heading off an ornery steer than a billy goat. Ace Alexander gave me more trouble than any breachy old cow in the herd. He had borrowed a horse from one of the girls, and couldn't even ride it at a trot. But he didn't care. He'd grab hold of the saddle horn with both hands and war-whoop. He wouldn't even let me fire him.

Danger of Stampede

We never did have any lunch. By the time Dutch and I got back there with the boys, there were cattle spread from Dan to Beersheba. They were scattered along the highroad for a couple of miles, and had broken fences in a dozen different places. Some of them had even climbed up on top of the hill by the railroad cuts. It was almost three o'clock before we had them rounded up and headed for town. And I was scared half silly.

By that time the cattle were drier

than road dust. The river was only a quarter of a mile from the highroad, and I knew what dry cattle would do when they smelled water. If they'd stampeded for the river before we hit town, it wouldn't have been my fault, but I'd promised to see them safe through Littleton. It was my first chance to be a drover and I wanted to do a good job.

After we crossed Lenheart's bridge, we boys rode ahead, so I could put the best ones on the river side of the highroad. Just as we came into town, school let out. I saw the kids come boiling out of the schoolyard, and sent Dutch kiting down there to tell the little ones to get back from the highroad, and the bigger ones to get on the river side and help us. The girls were the best of all. I guess those cattle had never seen girls before, and they were afraid of them. All the girls had to do to head them off was to flap their skirts. There were over nine hundred cattle in that herd, and not one of them got away from us on the river side of the highroad. By six o'clock we had them all through town and headed west on the River Road.

The drive boss was waiting for me at the corner by the gristmill. I asked him if we'd done all right, and told him I was sorry about some of the boys running his cattle, and about Ace whooping like an Indian.

The sheriff was there, too, and he started saying that Ace was full of the devil and that his father was a judge and some more things, but I don't think the drive boss heard him. He stuck his hand out to shake hands with me. There was something hard in it, and he said, "You done all right. Some of them boys ain't worth a darn by at least a dollar and a half, but some of 'em's goin' to make cow hands." Then he winked at me, and said, "Them girls is all right, too. Bein' you, I'd see they got a treat. Same deal for you and me in October?"

I said, "Yes, sir." And when I took my hand away there was a ten-dollar gold piece in it.

I wanted to take it home to show Mother, but I couldn't because I had to pay the boys and Eva Snow. We took it up to Shellabarger's and broke it. When everybody had his quarter it seemed as though I had more than my share left. Some of the boys had worked just about as hard as I had, and it seemed as if they ought to get more than a quarter, but Dutch said it would only spoil them. But he did let me give him half a dollar for being my foreman, and the quarter I'd promised him that morning. After that we talked about treating the girls, and decided to spend another half dollar for candy. We looked

in the candy case for quite a while, and talked about most of the different kinds, but we decided on lollipops. They were five for a cent, and that way we knew we'd have plenty to go all around. Mr. Shellabarger didn't even bother to count them, but passed us out the whole box.

After everybody'd had some, Eva and I took Pinto back to the schoolhouse where her little sisters were waiting. I walked and led Pinto, and let Eva carry the box of remaining lollipops. I was a little bit worried about what their mother would say because I'd kept them so long after school. So, when I'd hitched Pinto to the buggy—and taken out a small handful of lollipops for the other youngsters at home—I gave Eva half a dollar for using Pinto, and told her to keep the box. I said she could give her mother some, and then pass the rest around at school the next day.

She drove me past our house on her way home, and Mother was frightened when I went in. The first thing she saw was the dried blood on my face and my shirt, and she seemed to think I was half killed. She thought one of the cattle had done it, so I had to tell her that I'd fallen off Pinto. It was the wrong thing to say. I didn't tell her he'd bucked me off, but I might just as well have. She pinched her mouth right up tight for a minute, then she said, "Ralph, you are not going to rent or borrow anybody's strange horse. I don't know how you are going to make all our deliveries with Hal's little gocart, but I will not have you killed by a bad horse."

There were tears in her eyes, and I knew she was thinking about Father's getting hurt when he was breaking Lady's colt, so I said, "I won't borrow one and I won't rent one till you say I can." Then I gave her the six dollars I had left and the lollipops.

It's funny how different things make

different people cry. Some people cry when they get hurt; my biggest trouble was when I got boiling mad; but Mother didn't very often cry unless she was real happy. She cried when I gave her the six dollars. At first, she just looked at the money as if she didn't believe it was real—it was a five-dollar gold piece and a cartwheel—then her eyes filled. She pressed the end of her thumb against her teeth for half a minute, as she always did when she was trying not to cry, and then she just bubbled over.

She hugged me so hard it made my ribs hurt. "Oh, Ralph, I don't want you to have to be a man yet," she cried. "I didn't mean to scold you about the horse . . . but I'm so afraid. . . I can't have anything happen to you, Son, and you're so impulsive . . . but I'm so, so proud of you."

Father always patted Mother on the back of her shoulder when she cried. I tried to do it the same way, and she stopped sobbing. Tears were still running down her cheeks, but her face was smiling when she looked up and said, "Do you realize, Son, this is as much money as lots of men earn in a week; it's as much as Father earned at the time you were born. We'll put it right away toward the rent. Think how proud he must be of such a son."

We all went to bed right after the supper dishes were done, but I wasn't a bit sleepy and my head wouldn't stop working. Philip always slept with me. He wanted me to tell him all about the cattle drive, but he was asleep before I even got Pinto out of the schoolyard. I lay there for a long time trying to think of other jobs I could get to help make us a living.

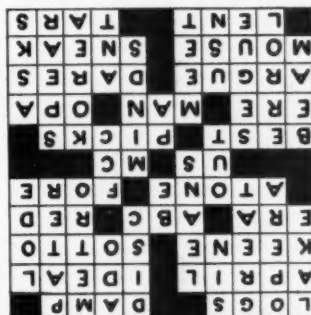
New Year's Eve on the Ice

For Christmas that year, Grace and I had each gotten a pair of ice skates. If the weather man had known about our skates, he couldn't have done a better job. Right after Christmas it turned sharp and clear. By New Year's Eve there was a foot of ice on the river, and the hose-company boys were getting the wide bend behind the gristmill ready for a New Year's skating party. They flooded the ice so it was as slick as a sheet of wet glass.

Grace didn't have to tell me she wanted to go. And she didn't have to tell Mother, either. As soon as I came home and told them about the skating party, Grace went up to her room. When she came down, she had her hair done up on at least fifty paper curlers.

I was in the kitchen when Grace came down. At first, Mother looked at her sort of curiously; then she raised one corner of an eyebrow at me. "Why

Crossword Puzzle Answer



don't you and Gracie go to the skating party tonight?" she asked. "Father and I used to go to them before we were married, and we always had loads of fun."

Grace stuck her head up. "Hmff," she said, "who wants to go skating with her brother? And, besides, Ralph can't skate."

"Well, what makes you think you can?" I asked her. "You've never tried, have you?"

"Well, I can walk better on . . ." That's as far as Mother let her go.

"Now, now!" she said. "Let's not have any bickering. I think you'd both have a lovely time. Oh, by the way, I won't be wearing that plaid skirt any more. Maybe we could fix it over into a skating dress."

Grace tried to look smug again, but she couldn't. Her eyes were shining too bright. Mother raised her eyebrow at me again, and asked why I didn't take the younger children and go fishing through the ice. We never got many fish, but we always liked to try. Before we went, I went down to Mr. Shellabarger's and got a pound of wieners, so we could cook our own lunch over a campfire.

We didn't come home from fishing till nearly dark. Mother and Grace were still sewing, and Grace wanted me to keep the children out at the barn while I did my chores. When we came in for supper, the only signs of sewing were a few plaid scraps around the machine. Grace was trying to act as if it were just another day, but her cheeks were red and every move she made was a quick one.

Mother let Muriel, Philip, and Hal sit up to see Grace's new dress. And they had a long wait. It was more than an hour before she came downstairs. When she did, she looked the prettiest I ever saw her. She and Mother had made a whole new outfit from the old skirt. The plaid was green with red lines through it. There was a pointed cap that Grace wore cocked over a bit to one side—with curls looping up all around it—and a short skirt with dozens of pleats in it. She looked as though she might have just come down from the Scottish Highlands, instead of from her own bedroom.

Grace and I walked down to the party. The easiest way would have been to follow the path along the mill ditch, but Grace wanted to walk clear around by Rapp Avenue. Cold as it was, she just put her heavy coat over her shoulders, and left the whole front unbuttoned.

It seemed as though half the people in Littleton were down at the river. There were bonfires all along both

banks, and dozens of skaters on the ice. Some of the older people could skate better than the kids, but the hose-company boys were the best of all.

Ed Bemis was cutting figure eights backwards when we got there. Skip Nutting was holding a pair of skates with his hands, and Ralph Thompson had him by the legs and was pushing him around as if he'd been a wheelbarrow. They were going faster than a horse could run.

Grace and I found a dry log on the bank where we could put on our skates. Grace's were easy. Girls' skates had counters in the back, and straps to buckle around the insteps. Boys' skates just had clamps in the back; so mine didn't work very well, because my heels were worn lopsided.

While I was fussing with my heel clamps, I told Grace, "Once you know the trick of it, there isn't much to skating. I've watched the fellows two or three times. You just point the toe of one skate out a little, and push with it so you'll slide along on the other one."

When I looked up, Grace wasn't paying a bit of attention to me. She'd taken off her heavy coat and was watching Ed Bemis like a coyote watching a field mouse. I think Ed knew she was watching him. He began cutting all kinds of fancy didos right out in front of us. As I straightened up from the last clamp, Ed spun around a dozen times on the point of one skate, and Grace clapped her hands.

"Hey!" I told her, "you'd better be careful. Katherine Prescott will snatch you baldheaded. Ed's her regular beau."

Grace knew about Ed and Katherine just as well as I did, but she clapped again when Ed spun around on his other skate.

Katherine was the prettiest senior in Littleton High School. She'd been Ed's girl ever since we'd moved to town, and I didn't want Grace to make a monkey of herself, so I stood up and said, "Come on, let me show you how to skate."

All I heard Grace say was, "Hmff."

Surprise Landing

My skates didn't work the way I expected them to. The second I stopped on the ice, they both flew out from under me. For about a tenth of a second, I was sitting in mid-air. Then I came down on all four corners. I was sure I'd cracked my tail bone, both elbows, and the back of my head. I hadn't, but I couldn't get up. Every time I tried to step on one of my skates, it would scoot out from under me, and I'd go down again. One of my skates pulled off, and when I turned to crawl back to the bank, Grace was gone.

There was nothing but her heavy coat on our log.

While I was getting my skate clamped back on, the hose-company boys started promenading around the ice with their girls. Skip Nutting went by me with Katherine Prescott's sister, Edith. Ralph Thompson had Louise Sittser. And then came Ed Bemis and Grace.

Grace wasn't really skating at all, but you'd have had to look close to notice it. Ed was as big as two of her; they were holding hands with their arms crossed; and Ed was almost carrying Grace along. I could see that she wasn't pushing a bit with her skates, but she was sliding on first one of them and then the other so that it looked pretty good.

I spent most of the evening picking myself up and putting my skates back on. And every time I'd look out on the ice, Grace would be going by with Ed Bemis. The moon was so bright it was almost daylight. And Grace's face was even brighter.

Once, when I was getting up from a spill, they went within three feet of me, but neither of them saw me. It's a wonder they didn't run into the bank. By that time, Grace was really skating. She was in front of Ed. He had his hands on her hips and was looking down and talking to her. Grace had taken off her mittens, and had her hands clamped tight over Ed's fingers. They were swinging along as if they were on rockers, and Grace had her face turned up toward Ed's. In the moonlight, her teeth glistened like fresh snow.

I didn't have a very good time skating. The clamps kept pulling off my shoe heels, and I had trouble making both skates go in the same direction. About the third time I fell down, somebody shouted, "Get a horse!" at me, and by midnight, everybody was shouting it—even Grace.

After the New Year's whistles blew, Ed took Grace and me home in his top buggy, but I might just as well have walked. All the way, Ed was telling Grace what a good skater she was going to be, and she was telling him how wonderful he already was. At our front gate, he cramped his wheels way around, and handed Grace down by the elbow—as if she'd been a grown-up lady. She did act like one. "Good night, Mr. Bemis," she said as she went up the steps, "and thank you for a lovely evening."

Mother made us hot cambric tea before we went to bed. Every other word Grace said was about "Mr. Bemis," and she held her little finger way out when she lifted her teacup.

What Do You Remember?

A Quiz Based on the Contents of This Issue

Killer in the Valley

1. Check the statement below which best explains why the author of this story decided to give Smoky to Silvern:—a. Silvern wanted Smoky badly, and couldn't have afforded to buy her.

—b. Smoky and Silvern deserved to be with each other because as hunters they were "two of a kind."

—c. The author felt sorry for Silvern because he had lost his own dog, Boone.

2. Check the reason which best explains why Silvern thought the cougar should be killed:

—a. He needed the bounty which he would receive for killing her.

—b. He enjoyed the excitement of killing wild animals.

—c. He knew that the cougar was a menace to the ranchers whose livestock she slaughtered.

Another Solution

1. Which of the following statements best expresses the theme of this story?

—a. Man must make his own decisions and opportunities, though sometimes destiny takes a hand, for good or evil

—b. Only those who are strong and clever can withstand the dangers of the sea.

2. Check the phrase which best completes the following sentence: *Victor was guided back to the place where his boat had struck the rock by:*

—a. A jutting cliff.

—b. A white handkerchief.

—c. A tangle of seaweed.

Encounter in the Rain

1. Check the statements which express the philosophy that Woodrow Wilson shared with the boy and girl he met:

—a. How a person lives and how much education he gets are not so important as whether he makes at least a small contribution to the welfare of mankind.

—b. If a person has courage and strength within himself, he need not be afraid to differ from the crowd.

—c. Parents should not permit their sons and daughters to roam about in woods frequented by bears.

2. Check the statements which describe Woodrow Wilson as he appeared to the sister and brother:

—a. He seemed to understand and share their youth.

—b. He had the searching gaze of a seaman who concentrates on the horizon.

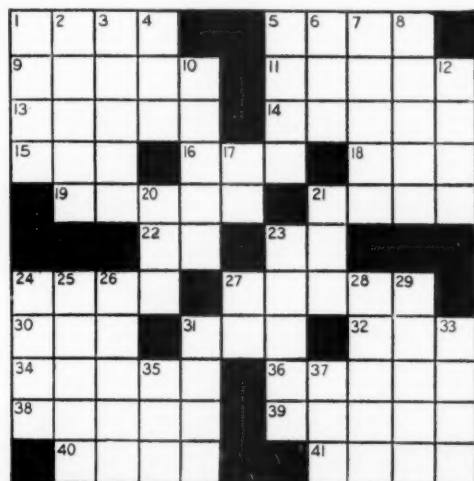
—c. He had an enchanting smile and a gracious manner.

—d. He was rather bored by the stories they told him.

Answers in Teacher Edition

A Good Word for Radio

• There are 48 words in this puzzle. The words starred with an asterisk (*) all have interesting ancestors. See how many of these starred words (there are 18) you can get. Allow yourself three points for each starred word and one point for each of the others. Add a bonus of 16 points if you get all the starred words right. If you get all the words, plus the bonus, you should have a total score of 103. Answers are on page 32, but don't look now. Wait until you have completed the puzzle. Why spoil your fun?



ACROSS

- * 1. Radio stations keep these daily records of activity
- * 5. Decrease the reverberation of sound in a studio
9. _____ is the month of showers.
11. Perfect.
- * 13. A detective hero of radio is Mr. _____
- * 14. When radio script directions call for _____ voice, you speak in an undertone.
15. Historic period, as the "_____ of Good Feeling."
- * 16. Abbrev. for the American Broadcasting Company.
- * 18. Radio and TV comic, _____ Skelton.
19. Make amends.
21. Golfers' cry.
22. You and me.
- * 23. Abbrev. for a Master of Ceremonies.
- * 24. Robert Young can assure you that "Father Knows _____"
27. Chooses.
30. Poetic word for "before."
- * 31. J. Scott Smart is the "Fat _____"
32. A now defunct price control agency.
34. To debate.
36. Challenges.
38. Mickey _____
- * 39. To introduce music into a radio drama and build it up from soft to loud.
40. Given temporarily.
41. Thick, black, oil substances.

DOWN

1. A body of water located inland.
- * 2. An American radio tradition is the Saturday afternoon broadcast of the Metropolitan _____
- * 3. The _____ Gildersleeve, radio comedy program.
4. A breaking of moral law
5. Circular, flat plate.
6. *Much _____ About Nothing*
7. _____-Goldwyn-Mayer.
8. English writer who wrote "Marius, the Epicurean."
10. Slants or inclines.
12. Rich mining deposit.
17. "To _____ or not to _____"
- * 20. When music volume is so low that it cannot be heard, it has faded _____
- * 21. Abbrev. for the boss of radio, the Federal Communications Commission
23. Pays attention to.
- * 24. Area around mike in which sound is picked up best.
25. _____ Flynn.
- * 26. Non-stop transition between two musical numbers on the radio.
- * 27. Abbrev. for public address system.
28. Trouble spot in Asia.
29. A lance.
- * 31. A radio press conference is called "_____ the Press."
33. Requests.
- * 35. Abbrev. for United States Navy.
37. Industrious insect.

Chucklebait



If a joke is good it travels fast. This is true even of Soviet jokes. Humor is hard to keep behind bars, even in the land behind the Iron Curtain. Here is one of the newest stories:

A Moscow laborer wakes up late one winter morning. He fears he will be jailed for being late to work, so he does not dress completely but dons his overcoat and rushes off carrying his pants on his arm. In the evening he returns home, completely dejected. His wife asks, "Did you reach the plant on time?"

"I was later than ever," the husband wails. "Everyone on the street stopped me and asked where I had been able to buy the pants."

Case of the Missing Briefcase

This is the sort of humor that never gets printed in Soviet Russia. It is "black market" humor that is passed from listener to listener and mirrors everyday life behind the Iron Curtain. Here's another story:

One day after a conference with a group of high-ranking Soviet officials, Stalin finds that his briefcase of secret papers is missing. He immediately phones the head of the secret police and orders him to arrest the other men who took part in the conference.

Next morning Stalin finds the briefcase, which had been mislaid. He hurriedly calls up the head of the secret police and instructs him to release the prisoners. The head of the secret police replies, "It's too late! All of them have confessed!"



Reprinted in the Chicago Sun-Times

"Extra-Extra-Read All About Me!"

You will find both of these stories in an article by Ellsworth Raymond in *United Nations World*. The article is titled: "Jokes Stalin Loves and Those He Fears."

The Tables Turned

Here's another Stalin story, one currently circulating in the Soviet zone of Germany.

In the Soviet zone of Berlin a great crowd is gathered, looking at the ruins of a factory gutted by fire. One of the onlookers moves through the crowd, exclaiming, "It is all one man's fault. It is all one man's fault."

The other onlookers regard him suspiciously and shy away. Finally a member of the secret police arrests the grumbler and hauls him to the nearest police station. The man insists repeatedly that he is innocent of any crime. "It is all President Truman's fault," he says.

The officer in charge of the police station scratches his head and consults statute book after statute book. There is no law under which the man can be jailed. He is finally compelled to turn him loose.

Before leaving the police station the man walks up to the disgruntled secret policeman who has arrested him. "Tell me," he asks, making sure to emphasize the right word, "whom did *you* think I was referring to?"

Another story brought back recently comes from Rumania. An unhappy Rumanian is shuffling down a Bucharest street muttering to himself, "Those dirty, rotten, lowdown so-and-sos. Those dirty, rotten, lowdown so-and-sos."

Suddenly the man feels a heavy hand on his shoulder. He turns to face a member of the secret police.

"I've heard enough," says the secret policeman. "You are under arrest for uttering treasonable statements against the authorities."

The indignant citizen protests vigorously that he was thinking about his wife's relatives. He never even mentioned the authorities.

"Maybe that's so," says the secret policeman, "but you described them perfectly."

Not So Secret Police

The identity of Soviet secret policemen is supposed to be s-e-c-r-e-t. Yet there is no mistaking one. Anyone who has had dealings with them can spot one instantly.

In a cafe in the Soviet zone of Berlin a customer complained to the manager. The waiter constantly hovering over his table, he said, was beyond a doubt a member of the secret police.

The manager threw up his hands. "But what can I do?" "You can fire him, for one thing," the customer said.

"I know, I know," wailed the manager. "But how do I know the next secret policeman they send will be such a good waiter?"

This is the last issue of the first semester. Be sure your teacher has you on the list for next semester.

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Local Writing Awards are conducted in the following areas. Write the newspaper for a Rules Booklet and send all entries directly to the paper, before the indicated deadline date. All regional winners are forwarded to New York for national judging.

Area	Newspaper Sponsor	Deadline Date
States of Mass., Vt., N.H., Me.	Boston Post	Feb. 7
Greater Cleveland area	Cleveland News	Feb. 15
Southeast Michigan	Detroit News	Feb. 17
North central and west Texas	Ft. Worth Star-Telegram	Feb. 15
State of Connecticut	Hartford Courant	Feb. 15
Upper Hudson River area	Knickerbocker News, Albany, N. Y.	Feb. 15

Area	Newspaper Sponsor	Deadline Date
Southeast Florida	Miami Herald	Feb. 15
State of New Jersey	Newark News	Feb. 28
Virginia Peninsula	Times Herald, Newport News, Va.	Feb. 15
States of La. and Miss.	New Orleans States	Feb. 15
North central Illinois	Peoria Star	Feb. 15
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Capital area	Washington Evening Star, D.C.	Feb. 7
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TAB NEWS

The TAB News is an efficient bulletin attractively printed on two colors, which is sent to all TAB Club members each month. A sufficient number of copies is sent so that each member can have a copy. It also is published in Senior Schools, Practical English and World Work. It is suggested that a copy also be posted on the class bulletin board to promote interest in the club. The TAB News illustrates the book offered for the coming month and gives a list of some of each book. Also listed is a special selection of "Read Alouds." These are books which, over a period of year, have proved to be student readers. "TAB News" may be



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